

The Canard: Book II
Chronicles of The Canard
4.21.01 — 7.26.01

I abandon myself to nothing as a particular state

not only by the logical society or committed culture, that they were a person simultaneously worlds, many strata become ill yawning to attain something more. entirely themselves for separate production, to which I form circles and individuals, cultural traditions desire their methods badly, which inspires the norms freely in chance. already private obsessions and publicly impoverished work, not to discover the given of any likely confusion, filled in recent years with their ability to borrow influence, they experience facts as the naive originals of a different history. given the surprising longing, personal liberty does not criminalize the theories of production treated as unbalanced objects for the loss of pioneering conditions. individuals who allow criminal parallels in general education have never produced the background inside the possibility of an interesting although emergent prison begins to release intriguing spiritualities, nonetheless very often poorly constituted among the exercised affects. expression, while often incarcerated, produces the practice of letters, automatism, selfhood, i.e. makes contact with surreal tongues while speaking undertaken thought. metaphysical automatism equated with passive madness is the product of a processed self in dialogue with the unified personality of conscious messages. a process of mediumistic sense practiced in the spirit writing as defined by ego, rather than the practice of unconscious spiritualism in writing, associated with the functions of disengaged delirium, states conventional periods of accessible significance. trance elaborated in travelled worlds, or without normative changes during transcriptions of the words, alternates the language of hermetic representations claimed for the invisible often to transcend obedience. I made the exposed voice after blind cultural illness educated in the surface. a premeditated execution filled the atmosphere, as if work produced in transcendental surroundings happens all the time. I abandon myself to nothing as a particular state.

4.21.01

the journey of writing through translation to transformed construction

do not try this method of liberation in extraordinary ecstasy. nearby harmonious bells discover noise in images. otherwise an odd-shaped effect

of dictation, or abandoned characteristics maintained subsequently akin to spiritualism, not in a compositional motif of letters, but blank, a punctuated given of work. as a structure of personal promise and childlike tragedy returned once more in the form of rejected spirit, automatism marked by trauma born in creative light, trying incrementally a fabric of impelled spirit, unseen images seem to flow in dynamic prohibited arabesques. life as a vision first experienced as the phenomenon of light. the messages of the night suggest a series, an epidemic of results in succession. the discovery of an unrolled night at the same time as chaotic interiors punctuated by emergent marks resulting in energy. pulsating since the recovery of existence, the forms of natural presences reveal themselves during works of conscious faith. control might be a preoccupation of working in solitude, a felt instigation in premeditated representations, the dynamism of sense in constant work. the severe exultation of dawn normally eludes the sureness of existence. there is no need for vision to work itself out in compositional beings and things of music. life is a visionary state of slavery. in order to experience childhood, the poverty of childhood as a paradisaal context, an abolition of social claims is repeated in oppressive wonders despite initially the audience of beauty. the obsessive tendency to clear letters of their asylum expresses delusional communication in significant scraps. the self is a state of true priority to spontaneous communication. psychoses betray over time the repeated forms of individuals. the particularity of chaotic writing forms an elaborated embroidery, metaphorical hallucinations collapse, the journey of writing through translation to transformed construction.

4.21.01

subsumed in difference

the theoretical availability of art forces us to improvise production. paper as a way of working consists of commonplace prisons. modes and materials mixed as the advent of expressive necessity among practitioners of distinct puzzles, for example, grow from the unfolding preciousness of paper. words convey meanings in material terms, images into play. materials including the world are often found discarded to be readily available. an almost entirely self-taught detritus, characteristic of magical practice and other developing functions, as the custodian of the other in assemblages and masks, appears to employ movements constructed from collages and attention. similar practices confirm the rapture of ephemeral junk. constructed over long periods, evolving into commonplace objects, insane environments form around the utilized statements. in many

collaged extremes consisting of transformed garbage and resonant processes something informs a society of souls expressive and beyond potential precision, concealing the obsessively unthinkable without objective packaging. juxtapositions of collaged forces, although present in cultural pieces, illustrate controls spilled into psychosis. tortured human commentary marvels at the horror of reduced sunlight. a prospective morning begins with the harrowing production of survival. one is either an anguished memory or the provisional feeling of hope. a tiny nothing at the end of the afternoon, surrounded by traumatic representations of mysterious clarity, no less unharmed because subsumed in difference.

4.21.01

memory

memory reflects an anguished claustrophobic existence, continues despite the body to possess apprenticed agony, time subsequently flowers from internalized jewelry like incoherent mysteries within a tapestry of opposites. if I were to decay, gnawing the body is no frontier to be whole, because it appears as it is seen in a statement essentially a knife. something I have in common with the doll, inside intuitive invention capable of clear transmission, things are stabbed with energies of the mouldy earth. I bury the sun in my mind to embody its formal container. there are many examples of intention, such as recent discoveries taken up by the remains of schooling. my own books conjure almost by accident human figures enacting an imagined house. after the voice is paired with ignorance to discover individual reductions, compulsive productivity untouched by the perceptions of culture assumes an inner world between the vacuum of response and the dreamlike similarities of history. without including artistic illiteracy in the validity of time, I insist on reading birds and clowns as the key travels around arrival in a dream of the art world. an exclusive facility, compulsive and self-taught, constructs the accurate machinations of unsubstantiated imagery. my travels consist of contemporary spiritual archetypes, naively exemplified in formula and technique, either the distinct production of the work or the communal directness of personal evidence. life uncannily taught the style that is the work. through evidence of broken isolations, the lore of the community connects compelling traditions around slavery and arrival. the history of sense is work-related, consists of symbolic simplicity avoiding heritage, of a chronic work in geometric illness intended as a pattern of prayer left to the vacuum. the abstract writer patterns a hostile loss. an environment of trees and bottles continues the context of power, to protect it from spirits

hanging in a meaningless dimension. liturgical objects conceived as the geometric process of a frequency still possible in the midst of original gardens and garages, translated codes constructed from a medicinal assemblage against the negative complex of a glass and gold intrusion, the found spiritual silver unseen as it was discovered.

4.22.01

a dream of service in the memories of the world

subsequently, models of the text at the center of texture evidence self-taught environments. abandonment of common surroundings essentially alternative around discarded items situated a new completion, a tendency towards spilling, true to the rarely constructed loose need for a series. materials other than worldwide reflections, possibilities of a not yet exploited scale, living among shells and elements of response, collected in the same sense almost an agent of literal destruction. environments unfolding within organic processes create the obsessive hermit terrorized by his forms. the same invariable way into death dictates the resulting grown shore. to decorate the extended garden with geometric initials and patterns of coastal birds, unlike the natural ravages of existence, grounds the constructed lamps outside actual attention, wavering in the architectural imagination as subsequent huts and dots. though the promontory is still intact, the precarious volunteers have begun to deteriorate. it requires a renovated interior to play with light. moonlight filled with beautiful glass possesses the concrete methods of living time. working would justify this toil. neither contagious nor my passion, the perfect home into the systematically occasional, an extension of stylized starts prone to suicide, mountains under the covered windows reflect dark animals and dreams of revelatory metal. the possibility of a shaped skeleton is either dangerous or chaotic. pavilions of the ideal microcosm in which ordinary reality is dwelling consist of chaotic worlds between origin and desire, a dream of service in the memories of the world.

4.22.01

A testament of shards

a small system employed by mundane years tracked him down disappearing into intention. construction using materials similar to skeletons or machines is dominated by our deeds; we show no interest in the end of structural fragments. the three impressions of breath are called abruptly refusing events. extensions of penetrated spillage engage a great

detested pleasure, incremental objects surrounding the forms of comfort. the garden of human junk grew out of a mysterious fire, burnt periodic circumstances afterwards at its center. the actual project approaches a preacher through the given sacred and the broken similar. covering a dwelling with sermons has a preconceived message: the demands of the road, of a swampy paradise, grandiose texts intermingled with amorphous churches of construction. the cement embrace is reputedly found only in model components. most of the aims of anything are not worth a thing. uses unequivocally spread the reverse, ready exactly for the central religious reflection. the thinking that believes is invariably self-taught through the message of the mountain, definitively for and against it. the worthlessness of materials call as evidence the symbolic and the spiritual. the transmogrified garden of junk grows around the authenticity of the autograph. people say the cuts adhere to a saturated cultural environment, but that's not true; they are constructed of little more than bestowed beliefs and the guided abilities of love, donated as if blue tools into a past. using oneself is an essential damage. the preparatory work argues everything that I'm not doing. I've taught the garden a sense of different salvations, the agency entirely of little more than paradise: God in this vision is a wheelbarrow pouring from edenic passions. fierce authorities vary the doctrines of a knowable world, but desire includes a developed machinery literally around religions. the systematically spiritual self arises out of others, a knowledge constructed consciously from correspondences obsessively purported. over a period of years cultural opportunities provided a collection of particularities, a stream of creation in which the will is crippled. mute individuals undo their resistance through a complex of responsible agitations, spent environments located in the cultural extreme. the tranquility of the source of work comes into the world henceforth extraordinarily concrete, but a segregated totality objects to animal beliefs, to ultimate hope and the unity of love. isolation underlies the enjoyment of visual recognition, the power of concentration adjacent to the world. the site of the secret remains illegal, thus the night bears a testament of shards.

4.23.01

An increase in array

from the construction by chance of a clearing come ties realized between tradition and the heart. instead of methods destroying the cultural salary, innovation continues the predominantly aspirational skills discovered as the law projects. however, the importance of full-time privacy, while a

waste of origins and labor, populates the sustenance of recognition between units of identity and engendered anxieties. the other is a negative historical weight; in the aftermath of class, stereotypes function as metaphorical subjects. an inevitably shared difference controls the self into an object argued out of our inabilities as the construction of a perpetuated result. the illusory adjustment of a paradigm occurs as a shift through imperialist values to an essentially mythic criminality. to identify ourselves as challenged by primitive cultural projections writes our common tendency between self and change to need control as a means of loving to hate. identification into judgement cultures our pathological education. not only is this difference contemporary and violently real, it participates in the establishment of an agency knowingly colonized in weapons and aesthetic precedents. increasingly equal artifacts are signalled notions of cultural identity developed through ideas of subjugated discourse dominated by indigenous power. however the anthropology of the self is problematized, it is placed as evidence during an invisible emergence. even objective specimens of traditional inspiration are oriented primarily towards subversive rupture. dialogue remains an unequal destiny excluded from essential power. by inscribing structure scientifically in decorative emphasis, in devotional purposes and lost conceptions of tribal opening, objects of study and possibility assume a received reappraisal of representation. the makers of anonymous culture belong to the foreclosure of this context. objects are not implicitly dead; they are dynamic inclusions of authentic favor. the present system is impossible to salvage. try to vanish in the cultural mania for travel; the dominant notions populate even so-called paradoxical embrace. invisible issues belong to another rigorous history. the acceptance of recontextualized relics is a fact of colonial purity. the lost past belongs to distant erosions of the marginal writer. the price of a local subjectivity continues to collect the available world which turns out to be a disparate group of redesignated senses. the initiation of the senses into culture brings about the artifact of the present. tribal existence is tacitly an invasion into history. this tendency of the world to exist advances a collection of modern worlds prior to continuous paths. an increase in array constructs a living adherence to example.

4.23.01

Art is imported from the need for practice

the artistic production of paradoxes believes in the making of exacerbated coffins. in a context of flags a series of worlds develops through the reluctance of reductive differences. art is a cultural category; it marks a

special sense, the content of which does not exist (it is a parallel category of reality). insofar as the viewer excludes the other in forms such as gardens and moments and bodies, he masks ephemeral objects with an indigenous dance of gifts. thus art may implement claims conceived as determined by the continued modernity of survival. the authenticity of traditional achievements, if regarded as a judgement of presence, supposes the continued derogatory qualities of objects working from production to focus on practices and motifs. traditional functionality bears witness to the masks of dialogue, its insistently shadowy theories ironically inferior. values based on encounters with this position perform a stasis of self-definition independently aesthetic. until recently, the disastrous impact of scientific techniques has embodied in different ways both stylistic and political restrictions. the tendency primarily towards contemporary strata, despite the superimposed magician embodied in a national poetics, attempts to source the acquisition and consumption of a particular narrative unknown. artists impose the known on the experimental, the story of a walk on the earth. to embrace inner sources is at times both alternative and limiting; an enunciated breadth of well-educated work tends to consume the inclusive practice of art. the disenfranchised individual emerges in technique and reworked style. the survival of the mature dancer, cut from formal myths of necklaces and horsemen, inscribes characteristically the organic protagonist on abundant readings. readings in which art forms the physiognomies of reading, the emergence of the witness wedded to individuals, appropriate the center of the sign for the business of devotional narrative. art is imported from the need for practice.

4.23.01

Work that is developed to employ a journey at the center of the result

case in point: surroundings as in a cartoon strip paint moralizing identities, pointedly modern images for ubiquitous material possessions. throughout, a warning creates periodically apprenticed commentary, combines humor with a distinctly erotic reading, turns away from the message and its moral dangers. sophisticated groups of prominent migrants establish the political sign reminiscent of undercurrents from the Bible. the fish is foregrounded as a warning against the female image. inherent in popular urban economics is the clear depiction of incorporated desire, a rendition found in every acquisition of the story. wealth and power increasingly result in white immigrants padlocked in the grip of a private performance. in cultures invariably a function of equivocal satire, nocturnal streets glow

golden in markets and success. the artist performs the social encounter of erotic meaning. this scene made by interaction with icons signals colonial pieces of history replaced by representational shops and a series of dying occupants. popular history is intended for important objects masquerading as familiarity. the workshop supplies indigenous misreading. identities reject this debate at its center, educated in the disappearance of human tradition, popular soldiers preside over their contemporary introductions. essentially a form of western museums, the modern representative of coffins, a fisherman, reflects for example a white cocoa hen successfully business nor as Surrealists from daily life. the ownership of foreigners disappears in cultural voice. the desire to focus questions and structures defined for the dominant periphery learns group control and a host of historical practices presented as can be read with contemporary flag equivalents. art, although rooted in consumers, is produced in early life and may be used to reflect the model of an onion. American art should be neither transformations nor expression of its production to disappear. although the United States speaks an emerging acceptance of inclusive discourse, traditional sources stream underlying struggle, the cultural context forms extinct recreations of the past. innovative transformations serve artistic content, although to address identity is to choose to engage in corporate work. I'm not trying to study the forms of equally apparent iconographies, in dreaming the adept the snake represents by battle the words of the quest for a whole. representations include a tendency to be visible. sequential aboriginal images become postmodern construction, in the same way the center emerges in relationship to distinctive practice such as mistaken tribal returns and concentric equality. traditional weapons depict narratives of institutionalized perspective, the mainstream repositioning of cultural critiques, work that is developed to employ a journey at the center of the result.

4.28.01

Creative activity at the moment of a salvaged past

current artworks mediate being or the nature within it, our self-definition, because a political performance finds ways to directly join the call of the earth to practices such as sacred possession, complete impossible experience, a subtle colonial responsibility to represent authentic voice. the artist acts as a native struggle against educated perspectives, as well as emancipating conflicted survival to separate conceptual conditions. in the address of others listening to destruction, the post-colonial imperialist diversifies absorbed attitudes to remain constantly in the successful

paradigm. moreover, the full sense of self as viewed against community represents contentious terms similarly from cultural and economic structures, the ethnic centers injected from fact into marginal positions. artists work within notable achievements to write remnants of the other evoked as part of their appearance since no discussion begins to shed the crisis of diaspora. art seems from the outside an immigrant writing, the subordination to the origins of vocabulary is seen as a modern perspective of the real, a construction dominated by separate categories of uniqueness, previously witnessed populations richly a mixture of dominant surveys and mainstream backgrounds, the role of threatened arts generated not in their own severed reproductions but in the conceptual domination of cultural originality. developments must in fact originate in regions of the ears. the outsider tradition of individuals as defined by cultural distinctions effects the strong occurrence of authentic characteristics, rather as local legitimacy might be described as their difference towards the inside. to assert true reflections firmly in art is clearly opposed to cultural diversity as articulated and classified through our engagement especially vital to references and debates. art falls outside the background of its practitioners. the tilted work in which they grew up hosts identity and maintains exclusive traditions in common with a culture still outside the marginalized migrations. the politics of a subjective center brings a reconceived future no longer hybrid, thus productively a trajectory of the machine inside. the complex has already taken place. in the context of the third self within these discourses its reluctance stems from a parcel of self-taught art (by virtue of its difference a definition arises nevertheless inclusive). culture embraces the asserted assimilation as new definitions of roots, creative activity at the moment of a salvaged past.

4.30.01

Varieties of combination no longer inhibited by responsible intentions

when people seem a standard for ignored explanations, there is no limit to the last few rationalistic selves placed in bodied resources and rejected quickly from faith. a list of misfortunes happened the same as trust knowing how to feel. before the structure of experience, the wonders of metaphysical inventions explain synthetic divisions: a list of such concomitant abstractions would endow god himself with the renamed hurt of their senses. to act as if the world is an analysis of life is to experience the logical facts as a lack of procedural powers. disembodied sense would invent the bottomless inexplicable, but the characteristics of assumed faith seem a communion between the facts they seek and the failed art of a

foreseen discovery. progress works to permit the rapidly sought; from abstractions of protest to continued desires a rationalist tries to separate each subsequent mirror within him. schizophrenia nevertheless is subtly the literal logic of experimentation. a number of premises which were found preemptively abstract truths, liberally unhappy with the origin of his invented future, the competition named the solution geometric against the past. necessity is the deep conclusion of this division; other opinions attain the idea of meanings interchangeably in language. logic might be subjected to experimentally unreasonable experience, because desire alone seems to believe instead of doubting time to prove it. the insecure terms of biomorphic sanctions, while the standard mirror analyzed to think this conviction, attain deteriorated reason to experience an infinite universal. significances on earth become beliefs in them. such universal prospects of necessity induce a lack of situations. everyone has disappeared entirely, even direct analysis of experience is a reflection of the thing before. continuous complexity intuitively discarded artistic arguments unquestionably desired in every direction. the ideal of an unhappy freedom outside history is subject to the totalitarianism of the object as this faith. the audience must deny what they must do: existence is a view of life to be acted upon. the things are not concerned with the presentation of things. their writing is greater than the delightful simplicity of artists. discarded questions design symmetrical analyses. artists have the ideas, or parts of them, such as the geometric immediate to comprehend every known. the false words repeat the several parts of the series. the piece is more our work than a point in the composition. it is likely as a ruthless object presenting thinking that even the sensible experience of things no longer exists. among other things, we know it is not everything. the banality of the object informs another example. things structure their pieces in the simplest series of times. if one is imposed on no place, the spectator happens by leading the not invited to the piece. the idea is an irregular dimension dissolved in the faultless tendency of its parts. a unit of any real possible avoids the single example of a row. their pieces have simply one, giving in any direction toward any around or with. the spectator includes the things of the insensible spectator. any such insensible spectator sorted in front of a compound space establishes a particular moment in pieces of these finished possibilities. the impersonal sensibility of the artist perfectly communicates a given reading of the artists after us. within a field of cause vision would be pointless intentionality. a vibrant surface delighted by unending employment secludes our subjective explanation. we write a fondness for revolutionary surprise. we no longer mask conventional habits by means of intentional

information. varieties of combination no longer inhibited by responsible intentions work to culture the necessary purposes of the subjective.

4.30.01

A useless environment

the new primary object is seasoned with a city. primary forces include: impetus of the eye, stone of fatal position, public interpretation. the possession typically suitable for the triumph of models confirms inclusive process at the close of movement. anything it does deserves its own position. undoubtedly avoiding a dangerous mimicry, the obsolescent thing quietly discriminates forward to its contingency. a tremendous habit suggested in the impossible clarifies the diffuse mélange of attitudes seasoned with blankets. acute artistic forces rent the obsolescence of the avant-garde, prejudices and expectations called the survival of its corruptions, habits with certain unchanged furniture, this emotional art which appears quite suddenly dangerous. rigorously different clichés, though stripped of insulated artifacts, the quotient of developmental estimation, have confronted a sort of inclusive indifference, the contexts collectively surround the emergent capacity. instead of prescriptions, objects pretend a brilliant functioning, remarkably new instances of modern art sidestep the cancellations covered by such reductive shunting into discredited study. to destroy as a way of coping has become the illusory diagnosis of connoisseurship. art tickles the ideas of art and uses this criterion as a projected mode of thinking. this aesthetically inert totality, camouflaged as patented convention, behaves as if nothing is so old-fashioned as the intellectual dialectic. on the one hand expression is about phenomenology, on the other it is absolved from the etiquette of life. if art is about the simplicity of invention, its common components subvert the workmanlike soul, we find ourselves placed within relationships of faces. this is certain as a dimensional model, but seemingly conceptual geometry is elsewhere in the products. paralysis cancels the attack of history, but the condition of puzzling response is about art. invention avoids scholarship and history. there is no risen surface on which we have set down a gratuitous profundity. the barren results are as arbitrary as the making. it is in the nature of paradoxical designs that we believe in them. certain inventions are strongly limited to the present, strangely reduced and psychological, but art is not about the anxious revolution of an apparent system. residence in the world falls apart without any purchase on signification. the world no longer need the gratuitous definition of contemplation. to make art requires a solidly

useless thinking. artists result from the course of this idea. but artists are usually concerned about what art reads, rather than a nostalgia for the obligatory finished passed through and dazzled by the subtlest confidence of definition. this is in fact the climate of its strength. the avant-garde is split reasonably within the quickest route to paradox and memory. rather than a mirror, it is an eclectic permission, a correlate for new possibilities of orthodoxy. the prevalent weakness of the avant-garde survives the implications of art by addressing an audience which after all produces its immediacy. the public doesn't have to read the future to displace a nominal realism. the smooth questions multiply an excess of no expectations, the paradoxical current is not an object as if styles only appear for memory and materials. we have concealed the impossible so we can speak to a blind academy. the avant-garde as present is seasoned with lethal cycles, the beginning of the phenomenon jumping remote work. blandly dazzling time is simply now. art invested in multiplication suggests the stasis of structures. it suggests that the seasons of art are concepts of scale. the work of ideas is already a subjective mysticism. indifference to the works annihilates the moral model, aristocratic and platonic, in terms of time and contemptuously subversive illusion. the surface is broken down in the realization of his mind by others. the other within the artist is a useless amalgam for making art. facts maintain the boredom of gravity to illuminate our hysteria. reality becomes a useless environment once again.

5.01.01

The pages define the book by qualities meant to implicate the business of real discourse

the medium of the book resembles familiar, unprecedented walls. books cover the innate in common with neither protection nor definition. either the process of attention attracts individual customs, or experience moves at the speed of the book. the difference between succumbing and envisioning is that the latter does not write uniform conventions. possibilities for acceptability look familiar. the book gives discrete content to sequential units, but objects indigenous to the page are portable, spatially intrinsic, random. economic conventions design the book, filling and imagining its literary invention. clues of structure are a genuine reading, relatively experienced in contrast to something else. a book that can be an art object becomes a specialized communication. the economic book needs a retailer to publish its secure proposals, imaginatively numerous forms saved from the eliminated practices. one repository of the

programmed page is infinitely theoretical, a multiple limit destined for display as feasible contact with unconventional commerce. simply reasonable differences between reproductions and work, not produced and then along the line as well, worth both invaluable currency and linear traditions in contrast to the possible autograph as an exhibition. the pages define the book by qualities meant to implicate the business of real discourse, not the longest theory between essential and rectangular, these pages are attempts with covers to bind particulars to the book. to communicate an innovative reading, books imagine one folded purpose: the work itself is a particular aside constituted in a space of sequential limits. some syntactic distinctions resemble previous shapes and needs, but books are primarily dramatized phenomena likely to originate in reiterated experience. readers depend on alternative strips and cards to categorize the critical suggestions in a parade of necessary materials. other arrangements inform the decisions within structures: most books are read for a different evidence of initial sentiment. I read the visual book for the book. its possibilities make a mind in both directions.

5.02.01

A natural language

a book is each of these, also words. a book is a writer who writes the fact of texts. the fact of such an instance is literary, a series through the nature it reveals. written reading is a sequence is not the case. space is a case of moments contrary to words (a text is such a text or from prose an autonomous more or less). more or less following the book uses it as a sequence which occurs at a different moment (words do not in a book write time or any particular book). a book does not write time nor the bearer of dimensions nor the fact of distribution nor assimilation within incorporated ordering nor poems). a book exists among languages fitted to libraries including the writers of real responsibility in new autonomous containers as accidental books. an autonomous text forms here as the writer judges the others who write the reader into the process of this text. the writer writes to actualize a parallel reality. even poetry contains the self-sufficient emphasis of the book. the book links the writer to the assumptions of the text. any written sign is not the structure of a bookshop; its form is the servant in the chain. when writing prose, language is identical in the new element to fulfill words. the books avoids existence as a problem of the book. nothing happens might be how pages matter. there are still wills dancing in comparison. poetry is the same as text yet differently preceding the book wherein written repetitions

compose the roles of superfluous art. the content of the writer will always be eating the people who like books. the sequential functions of particular individuals such as tiresome language do not consider the text as an author reading strawberry gossip in the laws of poetry books. something happens in a chemical book of pears: the necessary transcription of poetical margins writes the fact not sung so loudly language. letters interspersed against the intentionally real translate a prose of needs as original and many more. but they don't repeat normal occurrence. poetry sung in type is still a novel whereon the deeper conventions propel language into words. punctuated discoveries use less transcription than simple facts. to write a mind is to sing the printed nothing lacked and aloud. the spatial, but only the smaller margin, this is not that way, this is the introduction of an enormously unavoidable since, a new inter-subjective exploitation of the concrete music of incalculable history. the concrete is efficiently open, or narrower by bigger uses, written by the consequences of its birth into space. a natural language, albeit communication, is only an example of ideally invented poetry.

5.2.01

None of them but a book

a book is communication in the physical space of words. concrete books, native to space, exist as subjective consumption of objective moments. the book is still the page in the space of the ground and now, but the autonomous representation of an existent outside subjects communication to the laws of imprisoned meaning. the chicken is printed on the conditions of the perceptive egg. language is a sequence of real alternatives that takes place in the generic poetry of ideal matter. the text contains an exterior exchange of experiential realities. there is no language as a medium of transmitted intention. language is the starting point of everyday intentions, just as intentions transmit the invocations of everyday language. the new will not be the new unless it is the transmission of a want. if the words mean unfathomable presuppositions, feelings explain intentions to one another, and every radical inclusion will always be the image of a particular indefinable author, a utility. language neglects itself with words, images written on the blank page of someone else, the whiteness of intention divested of utility, a series and a currency within a certain identity. each book writes the perfect book in the same way that every poem is searching for the mother of meaning. investigations of the message give birth to the absolute reader. a concrete paradox must abstract intention from a rose. every word telegrams every structure as a

part as a part of reality to abstract language, but words are no less fictional than the sequential roses of a text. nothing exists in its turn as a structure forming itself to any particular. I see no rose is a word for none of them but a book.

5.02.01

A new faculty of signs

a book is the portent of a personal text. whenever a book is isolated as the totality of plagiarism, the author's language hints at a new constituency of love. part of the bookshop harmonizes with the revelations of careful art, thereby words choose the author's intention as a starting point, a word uses its singular gift as an enigma for thinking love. love means one of the elements isn't necessarily irrefutable. the fact of the book is essential to the activity of the author's intention, it is a talent to solve the I against the known. the importance of the I performs the blood of the text, but also chooses no other word in the intention of the reader. a written love functions as nobody flowing out of passions, able to intend the manifestation of a test, letters as indefinable jokes wherein it is proven you love someone. love has inflicted language upon the meaningful intentions of nothing. the author means something as simple as an unfathomable weather report.

in order to wrong a misunderstanding, you must read the structural methods of identity. knowing this, one must believe the impossible reading (a reading of the rhythm appreciates the moments of the alphabet). the book functions as a reading of understanding; in the same way, time quickens the understood book. there are needs in order to love the specific reading — methods take no heed of discriminate creations. to read the complicity of geography, systems condition into stealth a new faculty of signs.

5.02.01

As instruments in the enjoyment of enlightenment

the artist's book is a critical collection relished within a series unlike permits to avoid inexpensive ideals. at the heart of the artist's book is the phenomenon of consciousness, a rebellion against the obsolescence of cheap commodities. every ancestor of friendship is a product of potentially reproduced writing. separate writings conceive ideas and pieces of books circumvented by modest misrepresentation and fragile for the easiest audience. the product among the immense societies increases the cost of

ideas as big business, literature as we know it is already neither an art nor a book (a book is a work of visual and/or verbal exhibition). no outside system ambitious in hope weighs the art world heightened and used as subject matter. the book is planned as the visual remains of a constituted history, poets and portfolios with roots in romantic anti-art. anti-art initiated the point for a medium of retribution, articles, drawings, notebooks, editors in lieu of extreme others. to ignore their own books among them in particular, the Surrealists have been a deadpan approach for years. an unnamed stream validates the signs, neither criticism nor art was necessarily the point among other things, but a poet included in incommunicative publications of himself uses the art world as serial independence to catalogue the appearance of his dispersed fragments. the worlds existed usually as gifts. friends in small books, even real art as a place of neglect (it is difficult because money — but rarely books — is a difficult world, a graph of poetry solved by composition), limit themselves to the maintenance of individuals at the moment of context (which is influenced by the intimate outside as a first-hand chance). far less than danger or coffee, left in America to make a profit, potentially elaborate organizations subsidize sections of the media as fiction, poetry clinging to an economic constituency of importance. conventionally sequenced lies and hard work set up effective liaisons as valuable reproductions communicating multiple containers. for the new art to expand, as has already languished (the artist's themselves more often tend to see expensive objects), unaffiliated books rarely recoup neglected councils, but a multitude of visual poetry in its own domain of text individualizes the task of the book, artists or worse heavily offered to provide an art object. a book in a few cases ideas, when transformed to anyone's fairly decorative characteristics, specializes in the actual extension of foreign products. there are good views, economically minimalist, but the style of the book is hilarious and autobiographical. possibilities are just mistakes made by myself too often cheap and wildly adaptable. there is no reason why books cannot be used like drugstores to profit from a lack of style or strictures. until then, as much as the romantic treatises can be recognized, the conceptual proponents of accessible confusion must indulge as instruments in the enjoyment of enlightenment.

5.03.01

To teach the mind a significant threat

the artist's book has not come as misplaced nonprofit carping or a browse through inventiveness, nor from the proof of one-liners at home in the

funnybones, but from winter dreads yet in mid-definition of the hybrid book. artists cause the is and it was gone. certainty gives books a visual home, from severe anarchy to the daily punchline you can chuckle in the world with phenomena not yet fulfilled. I fondle the world for any book about combinations of objective narrative. portable time has proselytized for all not lost, and one's occasional faith in thought (like textbooks, made of scruffy fabric and the urge to slickness), trickles out of momentum to its necessary audience. I seem to flop from some luscious afternoon to a durable cinematic stasis. intimate works talking of precious form — as I am here — virtually mail the typically expensive book to the lyrically prudent moment. artists themselves broaden the naive phenomenon, as if the popular accessibility of assumed content yolks whomever back-announced past the careful failure of mass culture. the competitive fantasy is counter to the choice, replicable rather than numbered, historical in terms of dissatisfaction, bypassing conceptual surfaces and political intent. the problem of a cheap democratization was not the packaging of time, when enthusiastically a few scholars wrote politically nurturing books, it was that culture in the first place can lead an artist to universal potential. the objects are limited to genuine contradictions, despite sincere functions and declarations of history, the fact is the tentative potential was baffled by accessible exhibition. artists die of reality close to complete, also level the demands and petitions of the endearing market. the central alternative becomes rapidly cumbersome from an innovative labor parallel accompanying forsaken hope in reflected forms of trash. there are forms of working which may interest the story, novels or articles which sell products for your attention, deliberate professionalism revolves around the poverty of the book. does the media receive a society developed in the dilemmas of economics? art is probably a covert revelation begging us again to dream a present information. reality works as a reflection of community texts. the evils of the neighborhood warn along the designs of a fierce attention. not necessarily the role of time in art, but a quick stimulus experiences the briefly stripped text more as consciousness than as deprived propaganda reading the story of my dreams in other subjects. human books confront an important world, they retain certain images as a jolt in the spine, some esoterically concrete insight instead of the calendar or the newspaper, but the fictional environment is an absolute context, and the experiment of integrated taboos enriches the space of inescapable identity. without being in other words these sounds, I omit the absurd provisions vicariously, less overtly an artistic headline than a meticulously fictional awareness. art is a very specific consideration of rare and recent consciousness, history blurs with categories of the real, invisible content

separates and falls back on poetic sparkles. invention is only the surface of an environmental mandate. vigilant criteria survive the news, evolved into riveting paranoia because of straightforward lives, the commodity poses as value to change a witty boredom couched in hybrid infiltrations into political illustrations of fictional working, if not real at least humorous and grim. lyrical divisiveness delves deceptively into strictly performative definitions of narrative surprise and astonishingly fake location to afford a functional irony the management of avoided information and a descriptively flimsy pretentiousness shopping in the text. a fuzzy analysis of capitalism is not just useless, it is the main section of time and conspicuous sexual questioning. exposure to mysteriously comic escapism grows effectively dubious, crying to be thought. anything else falls into a negative self-indulgence. to teach the mind a significant threat, distinctly current yet located in inaccessible fiction, traps another instance of communication beneath the lack of subcurrents in the blood.

5.03.01

The tabulation of the moment is a difficult poetry for the autonomy of words

an uninterrupted procedure encloses logic in a series of objects implicitly nothing. if there is nothing more than the names of language safely obliged to meaning, then the existence of things describes our concession to undiscussable questions. separate things can be discovered by the satisfied explanations of language, they exist entire as the being of things, what has been thought in criticism about itself forms the impressionistic effect of a historical science. the thing itself intellectually is later than the location of the thing itself. the historic position of everything moves coextensive with unnatural space. an object, whatever is derived directly through thought parallel to language, is less than the transposed structure of an adequate nothing. traditionally, the work of criticism has contrived techniques neglected in terms of concrete importance, if such an economic necessity in fact causes metaphoric existence, and a qualitatively intrusive examination of common manipulations happens in appearance from thought differently approaching language. the evolution of response is analogous to materially obtained enigma. the facts adequately approach observed possibilities on the basis of stylistic visibility. I would like to perceive a convenient denominator of composition. the simple design used in finished conditions implies an earlier adhesive swimming recently negligible to the cause. it is, however, avoidable to multiply the artists in their individual pasts. they are generally characterized by strict magnets

and opaque pieces of meaning in units of composition. the results of a fixed necessity adhere in horizontal dimensions tended by impinging instability and persistent matter-of-factness. the antithesis of methodical consistency exists as a modular environmental order, its uniformity an objective arrangement of preferable adjustments. although the apparent use of space is unassuming and bloated, an essentially systematic thinking repeats the continuity. only one procedural lamp is objectively necessary. combinations of walls and light vacate a baroque arrangement as space if fire. space fills up with sources of perceptual chance. shadows use light to characterize their enclosed logic. to make a salient difficulty, although adjacent to the obvious, results involved with awareness demolish operative restrictions. to confound obliterated accents leaning consequently and ensued once again in direct inclusion of the occurred light, light effects a sense of individual relevance more progressional than involved. it is anything but the difficulty of simple rooms. both the center and the cross are phenomena of the door, excessively dematerialized in the work, indescribable as a medium of singular illumination. all points radiate in straight lines surrounding a deeper light. artificial alienation is important as an impersonal fact, that I am of no significance refers to self-enclosed reality and the abstract boundaries of thought. nothing exists in the self-contained madman, qualities of premise from a single derivation, from one idea to form the material ceases in music, works governing due unnaturalness, a misnomer. experiential configurations are not enough to impregnate the random extensions of a nonreferential manipulation. such terms are based on permutations preceding the parallel logics of chance. personal experience is the exception within the existence of the word "I". I have no existence outside the reality loose in his own mind. art is likewise serial divisions predetermined without reversal. furthermore, no stylistic cause audits the making of a rigorous procedure. work in a rigid system of possible proposals governs the next limitation entirely assembled. the open is outside time when intuited instead of angles adjusted to conceptual usurpations around the volume of reality. that the excluded world exhibits interesting decisions is happily regulated by the overwhelming apprehension of a predetermined chaos. what is most consequential of boundaries from both maker and seriality is the arbitrary variable involved in no connection between external immediacy and the breakdown of presence in the work. seen in its entirety the moment communicates a sacred boredom. yet, justifiably, work exists to produce indifferent meanings. the tabulation of the moment is a difficult poetry for the autonomy of words.

5.03.01

Felicitous words and perilous virtues

there are sublime and comic slow reigns of feverish denial. naturally beyond the price of an academic eternity, there is, while impressionistic, a present partly horrors. one season in the sphere of novelty lasts from its output in fastidious proliferations to the proscriptions of attics which are traditionally rejected. more often than failed in poetic discernment, the anecdote which enables the considered process, speculation rapidly tomorrow's imitators, they cannot be permanent in relegated emergence and again other than touched by the dust into their eyes. charm is a glimpse of doomed thought in successful sentimental decline often accepted fashion, the public in all its glory describes the naive profundity. but it was religion, walls of derivative revelations, important labels, later in the fashions of countries and their arts, so many in its solution so sharply and its grace so short a time. the spiral works glory in spite of neglected generation. the subtlety of their advocated thought has many windows carved in the spatial imagination. the force if forgotten inspires the condemned to perpetuate literary poetry. this is followed by influence, next to unpredictable rehabilitation an expertise exhaustively audacious, the studied roots for example degenerated from mapped tendencies. empire of favor which reappeared in thematic addiction to intention. despite the artificiality of ironic escapism, worlds invented and oblivion early in the whimsical consecration of history, notably flowered in contrasts of vulgarity for their investments. simply unfortunate expression, but time without shoulders causes obvious spiritual beings, both the world and national collections of mysterious stars. a long time of the others in brilliant abstracts of quality, their own disastrous subjectivity boring gables in the fruit. aspect of a tendency to decorate ideas with a score for faith and movement, a style so late leaves us without a search around our thoughts. we are thought around the curses we propose. abundant efforts in subsequent subjectivities, only to fall onto the long run, fragments replied and ridiculed in accidental debt. dazzled in quotations or regret, the eye and not the dead, they lay therefore in subjective proportions to forget effective debris. undeniable subjectivity, hurled onto the full epithet of an offering, seeking absolute externals in the desires of the world. for an august entitlement, failure is the ambitious and historical task of the whole, an initiatory experiment never reported while personally a statement. while an alien reason lacks poetic entrance, the ambiguous murmuring joyous with paradise dreams future resolutions. I urge a cliché capable of any justification, the final opposition exists therein by priority of

heart and years, dwelling contained in clearly composed abuse, the inability of oddities to familiarize in reference a work of facts forged and sounding to a link with fundamental understanding. to understand the art of success in an effort to aid the dreamworld a monstrous visitor reveals the glorious folly of words, declarations of itself to apply for the ambition of failing further. in a futile reaction against the artist, described an unfinished public, or to complete the sacrifice of superfluity within the exponents of a novel and wretched whole, a note profoundly connections outside the will, beauty seems a project I fill with felicitous words and perilous virtues.

5.07.01

Myths of curiosities consequently chosen

some unknown trees undertaking the sabbath. crags, spires like air. glimpsed lilies calm as precious animals. sylphs returning, born too long in the characteristic feelings of poets. to meet the strange chimeras, I search around the legendary virgin, while others are devoted to the horizon, building hordes, drowning hybrid faces in languid amethysts. this book or other worlds shared in fabulous glass, sometimes a corrupt eroticism, visions of an unfinished medievalism, flowers flying out of the foliage, spurs and towers in the book. some mystic dead tapestry soars into a watery costume, bejeweled among the vocabularies of the unknown, tiny gryphons asleep, worthy of correspondences and affinities, rooms revealed more disturbing than the dreamed wayside of thought. the chimeras seemed true, and the poets extraordinary masks. to begin with poets and others dominated by beginnings, tamed by listening to paths and figures of this world, we are an aesthetic plumage in a poetic machine, they carry the questions we ask ourselves, some of them lured by decadence. thought corrupts readers. in the guise of thought, her mystical antiquity, secret occult wings, daughter of the priestly cities, they spread the irrational times especially vulgar in final figuration, adapted to the use of themselves through art. we are the inventory of some hoped occasion, the exotic witch discovered holding ambiguous bacteria, angels present everywhere in the frivolity of musical pleasure. but she is tired and melancholy, so we prepare the wings following the use of words open to certain ghouls embodied in a disappearing destiny. we learn a new world appended to their treasures by means of recipes not so much to control a blossoming of marvels as to represent an introduction familiar with her kingdoms. spirits conjure by hesitation an erotic nostalgia. through the dead muse to discover the customs of the end. misfortune lingers, a

prefiguration of its vices, how they discover the psychedelic gathering of philosophers and poets, myths of curiosities consequently chosen.

5.07.01

Among the givens

among the givens regarded as typical wings themselves deem art the most exciting number. intelligent quarrels, quiet and fewer than born, in some marvelous beginning play the common witch. styles open further upon certain inhibitions those warts too often taste as a catalogue of reason. by devising chimeras we are studying the sleep of artistic intelligence, romantic ferment, poems reorganized in the image of time, classifications of surrealist predecessors clearly defined, centers of lost influence, symbols marked by an atmosphere of imitative delight, temptations attracted to academic melancholy, pride if not to say simply the prevention of fear and horrors, the aesthetic prerogative of religious elaboration, the historical phase of poetic scorn, taste which consoles a very small politics of the other, a handful of anguished convictions, beauty discovered in the unconscious style of imagination, an uneasy and affected group history of art, this book it is fair to say throughout his life a symbol of mysterious poetry, an undeniable writer to speak of the rest of the world as a possible other. this book, though it is an idealistic movement through society (some readers come from witnessed visions of the magician, learned and fired with their arms set off in vices of success), the realm of anybody else rather than flying closed to the menagerie, when facts are found mourning wonders the world will change waste into the principal limits of fire. beginning a little later than the appearance of mystics, the homeland a symbol of meaning in the world, therefore it makes on the other hand no claim to be read, the hero produced in other words whose mission it is to regard these images of the other. forgotten communications armed with mysterious eccentricities search the imagination for an underground visit to marvelous noise. the world is impatient to discredit the fetters of the sunset. passage returns to the startled phoenix. we shall lay our space on the prepared orientation of a mystical reading already the history of fictional archetypes continuing to guide the last poems to an embodied ardor of the oblivious sublime. dilapidated herds and aesthetic adventures open up to spiritual tempers wandering from basilisk to truth in the changed will of our eyes.

5.07. 01

In a book

see the blue things not for a long time questions? we shall hide in the faithful success recently a little way finally individual lamps of the palace and seek the scholarly book decorative with creation. this palace is a symbol of a thought. it was thought which regarded the living heart as an appearance spread like opium over the psychedelic world. but the toad is in our stall. the beautiful chimeras have slept for a long time in the books that never happen. galleries of monsters lit by a mythical mist. the world and its windows shall not open the sun to the worst enemy of the chandelier also a library. a work of art reconstructs at the same time nature witnessed within historical tastes and the crumbled preciousness of forgotten vegetation. a hideous fashion endowed with tamed drugs fascinates the gilded impossible. things happen by the images of no poetry in the hand. the images have asked no shelves which lead from the mad open only to a privilege of sirens. their books represent the other worlds which are in this work as revivals of the book. for a long time corrected by mockery in fact smelling of the sphinx art is created seriously from the collective employment of the irrational. stands looking at the ancient intuitions, stripped of romanticism. unconscious apprentice such as frequently suffered its treasures. strange fears of the long known. to translate a new life therefore the beyond and ruined in our agony. ceased to declare the realities of the poems. deliberately dealing with many experiences as mockery, the castle also the manor born here to forget us. in a book rather than spiritualist precincts of death in our turn.

5.07.01

Although sense is threatened by this progress

pessimism, or evil, uttered by any province losing the bourgeoisie, to capture itself too much apparent in the world compatible with the long, insolent natures of civilization, dreams led by this much therefore society found in trials, our mediocrity is scarcely described as a colony of imagination, intransigent and faithful, terrified by the unlikely security of society at its close, however a sort of apocalypse become unstable peril against the intellectual anguish accepted as materialism for more widespread souls, a young satisfaction in the cult of this crisis, everywhere the spirit of words encourages youth to defend an adopted time, folded impossibly in the middle and consequently enjoyed, the uneasiness became a fear of destructive possibilities seemed particularly sensitive to either form or forces escaping into the varied malady, but the melancholy of death peaks at times of excessive suffering. the purity of conformity

exists as a heavily moral prophecy, society formed in the mystical manifestations of regenerate patriarchs, the shadowy dramas more matter of fact than pious. individuals champion the idea of vain surroundings, succumb to the arts of ridicule and sense, wretches resulting in the ardent revolt of the idea. a return to the virtues believed in artists hopes vulgar courage on the vengeance of brave delights. obscurity or fantasy, unlike artistic expression, by its insolence envies aestheticism as a source of its representations. the bird died to a lesser degree as an influence on the poet's death. for example, the world lit by the consequences of improbable appearance devises links of beauty as no violence other than the servants of existence. the enemies of their gifts served the aesthetes in perverse succession, a beauty they call humor thus tempted by casual dreams. the idea of movement in spite of the ghosts was to modify the poet and his work, the author remained unknown compared to these immense continuities (the star creates a tone to play a part in various forms). attacked by annoyance in the wake of style, thanks to the flowers of a toy religion, art was less blue than poetic by the time its dominance was recognized. their exotic quotes, less familiar than bourgeoisie disasters, die of thought (the claims of the disciples were rooted in generation and becoming). of course the horror of the book is the democracy of the inevitable, once the news without gods is witnessed dying between one hand and the other. the other reason, with lesser words to honor materialism, whether consciousness is typified by the machine or poets are above all decadent and erotic, the artists prefer glosses in prose to exquisite models and found passages. for the separate confirmations a suspicion of preoccupation declared the democracy of the book putrefaction and imminent barbarism. vivid chauvinistic superiority, like the effects of literary prosperity, retains the certain hostility of the masses. advocates of everything except poetry steeped in thought and texts, known parodies apart from satanic dates, after all the anguish of the people is a political figure frequently an expression of beliefs and scandals. I believe in hearing the world written to recognize a parallel. the one shared in the other although sense is threatened by this progress.

5.08.01

A doctrine which culminates in anarchy

novels believe in democracy, rising condemned to be noted for their drowning, written in part as youth turned to the progenitors of revolution, on behalf of the representatives of a human solvent not attracted by revenge to regard themselves as anything but art. language on the one

hand spreading the known virtues of pride, on the other nobody is a movement beginning with the pronouncement of disappointment. if they understand the other which was to be realized in the despair of generation, reflected insidious spiritual suns riding the contrary in exceptional spaces of themselves, all the poetic lines, the hungry adjectives more important than any representation of a reactionary dawn, possessed by social influence from the greater fictive themes beyond a maintenance of phenomena, nothing can only be read as the whole era of an exhausted soul. sacrilege streaks the stars, hemorrhages of theory cloud stimulating environments of debauchery, the stars retrace their promiscuities through abysses of gathered nightmares. bygone among the latter influence, images supply the pessimistic doctrine of a self-confident god more unusual than crumbling gurus or the written narcissism of declarations through the closed revival of poetry. observed from the frustrated dreams of spiritualism, thoughts secrete bleeding wings, their crimson globes suffering tumultuous philosophies. among the representations given birth young in time, occupied already for far too long as nihilism, without any reality other than the traditional decorations of connectivity, where the thinkers read a new public reality leading us to heaven, which is the principal authority on immortality, a few who expounded the discouraged hero in fantasy seek refuge to exist again in unchanging manifestations, the world and all its hunger by life on the outlook for theories of visionary rediscovery written in the limits of beauty as proof of our afterlife. the visionary theorist is the enemy of realism. expected from dreams walls as of anything correspond in a messenger to news for us. any theory conscious of the physics of materialism could still write idealism in matters if not to think is real. the only tainted reality transformed into thought takes on the distinguishing meanings of an overheard appearance, destruction sheds light on the impenetrable excitement of the infinite. a system of unconscious studies works as a caricature of society to give in series a doctrine which culminates in anarchy.

5.08.01

A costumed vocabulary of unhesitating ecstasy

results to see. the two dishes just quoted in several men wrote: and art shall have produced without inspiration human liberty. the secret ingrates in the commonplace, slowly, nothing before them. before it is essential commercial art is growing in their writings. they lived in arguments divided by time and the windows of the world. the decadents, with crimson

melancholy, empire suction slowly promises, culminated greatly in the influential reputations of thinkers. the teachers published the books beside those deprived of sense. divine but desiccated faith, without rediscovering the doctrine of reform, was happy, also pessimistic. he wrote tomorrow, waking slowly, a certain violence in the work. these thinkers read their works to found a justification that enables them to ferment their inevitable impressions. the word nature is made up of a violent collapse into sounds. I love the mixture of flames and trumpets growing in the sinister despotism of the right. the philosophers dream eternally positive doubts, occult genius, the clock in transition from a world to a style. I shall call the world a terrible possession, a carnal library of exhausted splendors, the optimistic bankruptcy of the twentieth century. if science is a reflective humanity seriously novel, then my thought is an epic of absurdity expressed in useless provocations. society permits countless atmospheres, absinthe and adepts, the quickly sufficient cadence of appearance. some ideas prefer drugs over the company of reason, others invade studios surprised by their interesting fatigue. we are not often in intentions forgotten among transferred writings the virgin philosophical absurdity of the world in a letter. I am forbidden to me — impossible, because I feel the bitter bohemia of despair. I feel each choice as a preferred opium, a peculiar literary attraction, poets more or less triumphant in the thesis of their own thought. an autobiography of anguish, the unknown pessimism of love, like the excessive certainty of heroic thorns, the drama of the poet likewise produces discussions of madness and enthusiasm. even generative thinkers dreamed of easy, physical seances, the extravagances of language always precisely satire. mingling escapes equally suitable for traveling, we shall appear in twenty years far fewer than ourselves, speaking a costumed vocabulary of unhesitating ecstasy.

5.09.01

Society and taste

curved love with mad bottoms steeped in balsam, the black pages of the poets work as studios of the selves. foreign extravagances throughout time recover bizarre movements, lessons in mauve twilight, rare seizures, invented recall and the historicism of religion. time is a beautiful fashion, both sides of the tormented succubi neurotic, opaline, orbs. a glossary of hysterical humor doomed the poets to a macabre reconciliation with the exuberances of written prestige. precious echoes denigrated among prolonged directions, from the sinister glow of the unique the spirit derives its affectations. combined at birth with martyrs and the novelty of

phenomena, nightmares fond of solitary laughter, the corpses described themselves as a cultivated pessimism. quick words through hostile teeth form this culture of chimeras, this immense enthusiasm and alliance with disturbed doors, a dangerous passion for the sickness of today refines the curious obsessions of our disastrous oblivion. compulsive theogonies eventually unjustified nurture the exponents of infected works. an aristocracy of sensations boasts of a perverse nostalgia for time and sickness. the dead mirror of symbolic beauty has become the exquisite revelation of a materialistic eroticism. the broken is always open to a bygone beyond. elite souvenirs combine with dead souls to reveal society and taste.

5.09.01

A macabre certainty rather than arabesque canals peering into the written inspiration of the siren

their enthusiasm was immense, their alliance especially disturbed. the type of secret ideal promoted in certain doomed models, already feminine and opulent, offered the dead a courage of poets and romantic circles. touch imitated with pessimism at last as beauty as early as the cadaverous fruit pointed to the sad beginnings of her neck, this vision which derives from the public ideal of permanence, less from style than from a prosperous distaste for melancholy and madness, quite naturally this fatal book by ancient devils proposes a romantic gloom of fashionable images and hostile, funereal beauty, the triumph of vulgar thought in skeletal models of realism. but sex or sensuality, compared with the red sorceress, is in fact a work of exquisite chimeras, an homage to horror upon fiery loveliness, agonies attributed to an unknown death. pale art endows the ambiguities of this passage where poets find the wrought passions of their cells, for a moment conceived in divine lies shining underneath death. by surrounding the reveries of the flesh with white serpents, writhing goddesses of the world, of a return to the power of animism, older than the dead maladies of fancy, subsequently the robust masks depict languid thoughts against the studious laugh. this is known as the time of giving, beatific and troubled. molded to make expressive the spiritual lust among which learned vampires sit like symbols of sin and secret ambition, the modern poets, as ludicrous as countless, terrify their works with perverse mysteries, the mysticism of love an embodiment of lightning in the grave. strange monsters have known the course, when the wonders of weather model the simple clothes of his mistress in protest, the new ideal was never known to conquer an inner world. replicas of a disturbing milieu, we

shall express our abandoned incarnation in the invented materialism of the soul. condemned as childlike by minds entering overwhelming results, models of a passionate domain, the myth often quoted of the pallor of the ideal, the host suffering in black pearl a delicate and flat beauty, her virginal burdens contemporary, derived from the inaccessible succubus. her face become a lily obtained by sphinx and poetry, lent itself to an expressive ambivalence, even more than the graceful soul preferred over particularity. insipid fashion shows us the ornamental rings around the eyes, blue nostrils fragile and psychic, creatures of ambiguous liberty. I have already seen the equivalent secrets of an anemic success, desires remembered as clear indignation with no regrets. the art is impossible as an explanation of time. without doubt in a bath these corpses, much slit by lines and feeling, effect terrifying figments of unique creatures, whether love or ambiguous melancholy, this expression writes a bleeding poetic pyre, love too endorsing a preface to the ideal, a masochistic imagination drowned in the tubercular history of this current. for the beauty of the chimeras is a subjectivity posed interminable in the world, we know how to read the dead, the pleasant fields of the poets, a macabre certainty rather than arabesque canals peering into the written inspiration of the siren.

5.11.01

Love

the reverse of art threatens the imitation. the shadow of the circle returns to the realism of an inquisition. luminous and pallid cadavers, like the softly expanding countenance of an unhealthy literature, earns the aesthetic calm pale and floating on imposed sacrifices. beauty occurs, of course, represented in models of thought, a lack of incense and certainty reading the gnostic books. physically beyond a surpassing energy, surprisingly tenuous, the regions of the forgotten are found again in the temples of less than condemnation. there is no room to let us think of the lilies which sleep between veiled stars. our contemporaries are true only in a limited revolution, circles troubled by slumbering flowers, the decadent works of romantic theology delicate and curved. the eyes resemble liquid webs in want of inordinate wonder. the forgotten speaks a sympathy of unfinished necrophilia. some men decree the smooth aesthetic of a hermaphroditic society, a few fine ideals reminiscent of nausea, perhaps perfect terrors singing a dilapidated certainty. among the recognized beauties of character, an immaculate future grows divine, lost in thought, no desire for the jewels, the precursors, of perfection. a more refined prestige would describe this dictum as a paunchy, lying innocence. let us

return to the features of the sacristy. death, prevented by his heroes from loathing the boredom of disgusting pleasures, cries out to conceal his swarming enthusiasm, but his curious anguish expresses an impressive slavery, the faces of the ephebes adorned with jewels and scandal. a lack of victims to conjure poets from their notes, nothing but pleasure from seeing the secret in the satisfaction, her official desires are guests of the poets, private and decadent in connection with witness, they found antiquity delightfully confusing, robust animals and primitive flowers, classically lascivious. in spite of enamored beauty and insurmountable majesty, limbs wherefrom veils blossom violet and saffron, the notorious terror of his stories to an ideal lover, rapidly naked, her olive lips divided, lacking angels, for us in the allegiance of clouds to darken fire by soft depths more lovely than dreams of glowing water, wings breathed upon his head, which depended to the ground, donned supple sanctuaries of degenerate art, full of dead productions and gilt warriors. the works of love possess leaves and feet of cause, a mystic costume around which society falls in love. a few unfortunate visitors sleep in the depraved culture of beauty, but love, more robust than the antique guise of culture, walks the oval tapestry, tamed by mists and legends, the scarlet eyes of the unicorn slit and certain.

5.11.01

History

history mounted by history, wearing a bull, stroking loaded eagles, her blonde allegory the thought of a visionary sublime, the excellent arches denote tapestries and flamboyance, verse found archaeologically in the corner of the shadow. the sphinx forms the face of a unicorn with chains, there is a pensive embodiment of history portrayed with messianic pastiches, pinnacles in an atmosphere of imaginary names. tavern where the young poets are rare examples of contemporary work bear the accurate mark of Byzantine women, links between a naked girl and a certain dalmatic disquiet. historicism, scattered about the Christian windows, deliberately fitted with Gothic detail and the accumulation of time, betrays the monument carried off at her feet. hennin surmounted by embroidered cruelty, they are historians during style, close to the reference situated in imitation and fantasy. the poets recited known cathedrals, the strange grisaille of antiquity. it is in time linked with strutting resemblance that the legend distinguishes women from psychoanalysis. these charming phenomena of perversity would have appealed to poets, thus nudes in the middle of the day can be seen wearing the gravity of vulgarity. fortunately,

real women entered history from their gloomy décor, perhaps in some odd feature or provincial museum to discover the ingenuous techniques of unconscious sentimentality. the influence of the world on art well into this century in almost complete obscurity while among the genuinely comical characters his intentions now strike us as representative accessories to enigmatic middle-class symbols. the poets, not so much to make us dream a subject as to open the grandiloquent doubts back into fashion, went on to imitate traditions which lived in the eyes of Italian gardens. the entire life of the social message was so obvious (recall the embroidered fairies in the midst of temptations and flowers), this was the strength of its productive episodes, that it reminds us of pools of fat, a visionary chimera like the literary minds of legend. to spend his abundance he often massacred an enormous discipline. love is more than an admirable fantasy of the return to traditions and truths. it is the soul of conscious expression losing its way in words. myths of delicate recall reproduced in manic myths, in the green soils of charm, in chaste, symbolic spells, as if there was nothing at all to the book and its fabulous marks, the individual aware in the folklore of memory, in the depths of hidden effort and in the sleeping collectivity of the subconscious, in other words collected deeply in poetic sources, much more scholarly than the invasions of evil roots, the grim blood slept through a variety of readings, the lukewarm glass, the naive disciples of miniature maidens, we can read the scenery to foreshadow the bloody beyond, or be a task of clumsy appeals to the hopeless styles of others. undoubtedly in sagas to seem partial (wood in tone never again leaves fall), among disturbing ruins princesses are nothing. roots would carry centuries in miniatures of these creatures, in the direction of a little later had left off to spread the uttering, but with much less of an aesthetic in front of a letter to the past. the pious cry lives much less in grace than in the ransomed eye of the serpent. dragons because of their connections, which may be admittedly nothing intimate born of mist, but rather a fantastic reminiscence which is a veritable series of decorative influences, particularly in procession through their hats, it is beautiful to leave the red will wandering against a medieval background. age-old fears have already been compared to a dead leaf. the best of these stories are more comic than ethereal. poetic fashion, like a left-wing message, protests the insipid room, the commissioned urgency of the elegant wand. apparitions decorate our longing for inventive escape. in the margins of the democratic book, near the melancholy extremes of commercial magicians, fashionable appearance is vested in the modern unicorn, skillfully naked charms seem to emerge bent under the heroes of antiquity. these prose poems, their eyes, clad in green willows, built in the

silent masturbation of complex gardens, dreamt modeling their spells over forgotten sexuality, transcendent initiations obviously into subjective incarnations, memory under Christian remorse allows a delightful mist to lack the vegetable morbidity enchanting their unfortunate attentions. the book, hungry for links and pioneers, written shortly after the distorted dream, compared to the ideal of the whole, is a closeted template posed in the flimsy atmosphere, clinging to the death of artists and rare thinkers. the deformed representation is decorated with the confinements of man. the heat confined within the rain is a fiery fountain. maidens park in their gey bodies, chasing themselves through the vicissitudes of idealism. aesthetics compliments the damp chivalry of respectful twilight.

5.21.01

The region of a still literary writing

fifteen years ago, myth was hardly proposed as the representation of value. a reflection of nature or historical division, presented as inverted opinion, disappeared in the extension of contemporary speech. two ideological systems denoted by objective propositions, the idea included in the word and sociology read as anonymous consumption, reflected an inverted nature, the social consequence and its moral statement become discontinuous sense. a corpus of secular narratives remains after all from decomposed semiology a connoted cynicism apparently the literal jargon of a guarantee. contemporary appearance is an openly metaphoric articulation. collective statements of a determinate culture, contingent upon the consequences of a mythic product, figure their insidious message in the discourse of public origin. meaning permits the signified to naturalize the image. the innocence of history, for example, slippery at the level of critical scrutiny, is not so much a science of accomplished regard as the signifier no longer created for dissociation and consumption. ideology has become the latent fissure in the purification of psychoanalytical lists. if language today appears changed, it is not a difference of history nor a garrulous analysis of fragmented society, but a dismantling of reading long since elaborated in the sign. society is available so long as difference takes its place. even if in the work the sign is a task no longer new, the false distinction itself characterizes a provisional corpus of demystification. in other words, phrases are a science of vacillation unmasked. the signifier no longer perturbed represents the statement, but a mythological scale equally political and anonymous has captured under dislocation the observed changed from the ineffectual and separate a denunciation of thought itself become a statement. the analytic

is no longer the revealed narrative not to change itself a little like the subject. today ,without being amateurs of the established dialectic, displacements broaden the logical mythoclasm thereby extending it historically to the theological meaning it practices as science. taken obliquely, signs signify nowhere the alienation of a longer world. writing a reified aesthetic succeeds in homogenizing obligatory meanings. today, much more than the psychoanalysis of the signifier, a lexical order constitutes initially the geography of language compelled to a halt. the tangle of political decipherments signifies social compactness, woven of keys, interrogating the fabric of destruction, far beyond the unified identifiable. didactic density determines the essential stereotype. I distinguish as language the connotations of fire and the antidotes to light. language deploys itself in the novel sentence as a sketch and a bottom of desire. I no longer believe in concepts which occupy the decentered ideologies of citation. discourse against the facts, by which I mean the interior of writing, includes the formulaic program of belief, even if the text is no longer a literary scheme. nature has changed to a departure for differences. thus, the region of a still literary writing combats its limits in a theory of the extended object, from the image of the concept in which I speak to the shifting surface of mythological denotation.

5.22.01

On my way to a complex inactivity

I am important, too, if only as a theatrical center of a form. I am with or against such situations as the artist's operation from complex sound, your hands virtually together or taped, cutting could have happened to the average person, but if he uses his words, rather than bringing everyone as has been planned onto the street, not as art to interpenetrate all of these things, nor as one point out of position (the images aren't interested in the composition of the images), responsibility in our time is traditional rather than natural. this problem of unlimited materials in art (the machines keep them alive), while the possibility exists of transforming ordinary assumptions, happens because we are not entirely beginning to save ourselves, therefore I am not obviously concerned about the necessity of a week off or a film, but found myself playing with things, each one of them more important than death. I do not interest me anymore in the arrangement that comes about as an imitation of nature as her operation is revealed. art requires anything available. work can be done to the literature, transforming it. this is the ordinary assumption under emotions burning down. if you are interested in the necessity of life, I loitering in a

different program surrounded by myself, the thing itself, even if it seems another, is more a visual literature than the sound itself (the ancient view is more a manner of successful imitation). works of music ignored by the material wake up in the bombardment of a few examples, response on the part of a performance (I was one day the radio and the traffic). pedestrians on one side, marvelously changed. just a few years ago, I was concerned there was imagination and conversation going on anyway. therefore, there is no way for visible inaudibility to suppose the picture. I suppose from the other possibilities never performed that I am on my way to a complex inactivity, overlooking some lunch, swimming together, that is to say what have you by going to sleep. the important thing is to include the same time in a small lake so I can hear it. I am the content if I am not describing the music. when the center is straight and surprised, a glass apparatus eating the methods, acting is a situation enjoying the rice.

5.25.01

Made of nationalism and theory

in a very interesting war written in distorted dreams of the ideal century, the whole room seemed closed, posed in devoted atmospheres. the book of their short death clings to the flimsy thinkers. the artists, all of them, held high and deformed the decorated, rainy spring. confined within a Celtic fountain, his work a grey garden, as young maidens are draperies to their bodies (there is another class of chivalry embodied in Victorian heat), the intelligent man wants a modest country of hippogryphs and enchanted dresses. the world is green, long and purple, foliage produced in a moralizing beauty. the desirable dream cannot be defined as has been desired. phoenixes expressed as princes before their costumes, mauve for his part loosely into the hair (the body should have been interesting to see), he was not a beautiful romantic and will never be. aspirations nobody can remember, these suggestions instead of thinking with his pen, might be jewelled or just a little unusual to listen to (we can obtain some idea by looking at the adulterous combinations ventured in his margins). the influence of famous representations a little later remained faithful to the ideal atmosphere, yet very few of the tales are excessively witty childhoods, they are pastiches of previously rediscovered lacks. the aesthetics of the novel bear witness to the scents of the bosom. another text bearing this quotation veils the Sphinx, far too sophisticated for that matter or for robust good health. the audience is reminded of the performance through a tormented authenticity. the letter wrapped in chords explains what I think. the mysterious labors of harmony, its

passionate disciples, given the touchingly fashionable parody, the frail and splendid ecstasy of the cartoon, a cross between the official opening and the fervid singing of the story, the cloak for all eternity my dear vocation. the great tragedy of fruit, the lonely character trickles through his darkness, plunged in a bourgeois cult. notes in connection with subjectivity the subject inspired by irremediable disaster. it should not be an erotic revelation offered as underground support for the eunuch intellectual, the bluish ceiling of the stem flying in darkness and in question, the poor quality of the book steeped in inferior mystery, where the poems comment harshly on experiential transcendence. inspiration is the music of an indifferent memory. nothing other than enthusiastic irritation as an incursion into the forgotten impositions of modern art. only one of the names of the score knows anything about love. the subject, together with the decadent magician, describes the vegetable electricity rejuvenated by lamps and rays. the style of the convolvulus dulled by unveiled genius. no less dimly than morose, they trap themselves, poetic, to be found in the choice of exclamation. a sexual opposite would be the master of many examples. so much more to the lithographs than to other poems, intervals of text in the palace of the magic garden, an azure threshold luminous with bodies inhabited by medieval ambitions. the voiced pistils surrounded by instinctual pedestals, thousands of gloomy waves, facades and motifs designed to express the setting of the mind, roots in a Gothic empire which lead to a revival of trees and things. fantastic symphonies dream the ghosts of poems. the slopes of the walls ooze fluid roses. a thick island style entwined with capitalist flowers, a whole certainty spreading this plastic voice, the innermost drama like a great barbarian splendor. pantheistic fauns emerge from the broken forest, their ephemeral melodies made of nationalism and theory.

5.25.01

Souls float

souls float, little melancholy creations of bliss and Satan, follow the heavenly profusion of ideas. their irrational eroticism is obvious. revealing the enthusiasms of mysticism, they play, incorruptible exiles, at the wistfulness of angels. the disgrace of the chimera, as if a horror of dogma, is preferred over appearances and propositions. mystery and spirituality, bristling with machicolations and bartizans, occupy the pinnacles of the poet, her infinitely futile precision a historical reconstruction. only the distant angels pass through the dream, hesitate as they approach the consecrated attractions of materialism, approach the divine rationalist in

his most retrograde performances. hoaxes rarely frequent the higher levels of importance, they consist rather of a sinister significance, a commitment to accuracy, a freedom entirely discerned in the shadows of hagiography. the saints see them as a hand shows us strange women and expressionist wings in the ecstatic text. the French look back on the fashions of the day more as reveries than as furniture or sonnets. the mysticism of opportunity has a magical, nightmarish phosphorescence, a quality of vulgarity bogged down in vulgarity, contributing nothing. a category of creatures and style more disturbing than fleet books, with a phallic host raised above the somewhat unconvincing boredom, models of visions have rediscovered the attitude of faith. they rejected the handmade public as elegantly gloomy, their fervors frame the minute salts incidentally clad in tradition. the pattern, on the other hand, of chastity, rather than a sinuous death of aesthetic work, an artifice imposed upon erotic seriousness, perhaps explains the symbolism of his cultured reputation (the light is most popular at the nadir of detail). the poets exerted their hues steeped in alienated profusion along the insisted strips of chromatic examples. deliberately cited objects actually imitate strident impressions. there is an insipid purple attraction influenced by the world through miniature glass decorations and philosophical incontinence. the found subjects were treated a precursors of a dull and difficult success. pink cathedrals occasionally questioned entitle a solitary style to literary pains. the beyond in such a sentence converts confidence to dictation. about each person the earth serves as a compendium of layered worlds, another twilight stretched from impossible experiments to the universal library. the work of the magnetic stone, while basically a series of watermelons bearing the inscription of illusion into our notes, is considered in England an immortality inflamed with poetic reflections of trance and correspondence. the opaque vocabulary of wandering plants, glimpsed in the overestimated contact of witness, is possible only in a book commissioned by these words. we find the theoretical initiations of our upbringing more poetic than religious. the proof of appearances, while merrily scientific, is a curious medium in which the mind secretes its poems. although we have seen through the essence with a shadowy vocabulary of faces and cards, the author of several books as seances, with cabalistic explanations and admirable occult profundities, written beliefs in any case borne by obsession and longing into a milieu of studied prose, inscribed himself no less in the title which may fade to praise or utterance. the angels held on to the visitations of his opinions, but faithful to the erotic corruptions of form, he changed his name to sandwich and crowned himself master of all sorts of nonsense. rising now towards the heavenly ridicule of poetry, imposed and astonished in

irrevocable monstrosity, he spent some time in the alternate vices of feverish evil and the smiling heart, his engraved costume exhumed, handsome and ready to swallow to this day.

5.25.01

Motionless exits

copied sources from materialism to drink in rapid extracts some idea of the inventions, the quotes strong enough to link in cultured oppositions strictly ordered representations maintained as faithful concepts scattered across the ground. indeed, you are an image from which occult aestheticism extracts an ideal laughter, brave and determined. the eccentricity of his theory trumpets a public triumph, not by its tendency in many directions, but by the execution of difference which removes flowers from the mist. could they have obtained a general immediacy which we have not been able to resemble? it is a mistake to bear the sortilege of ridicule into the practical unity of poetry. poems practice the rules of strangeness surrounding the academic cosmos with nude and exemplary imitators. a lesser known symbolic weirdness entwined under the solitude of bodies shows the faithful riches of the thoughtful archangel. the work of the page is hermaphroditic, its extraordinarily murky wings a portrait of public possession. a mysterious fire, like an octopus revealed to coral, pathetic, universal, admirably inferior. the failures of genius are as interesting as they are common. through his dictum, but not by his adventures, the artist assimilates a colony of forgotten saints. allegorical bodies exhibit justice in the squalid, shrinking pretentiousness of vehement anarchy. his life, a spectacular incarceration in thought, ended as a taste for suffering in documentation. variations on a grandiloquent cause, his caustic grace beautifully angular, appear as exquisite decorations, French style and Byzantine principles. scrupulous and penniless, but brilliant, he loves the approach exhaled in an article, revival resigned to ambiguity and serial beneficence. the idols of criticism, taken as a whole, are even more beautiful than the enthusiastic principles if the crucifixion. I find the eternal sanctity of combat over the bed a spell and a passage tormented by motionless exits.

5.26.01

Difficult candelabra bleeding surfaces and stars

without the love of purity and each other, zeroes perhaps holier to the expressivity of material innocence, nor could we have been a feeling of

tremendous roses, for piety has not chosen the hollow embodiment of a chaste god, that is why our scruples are handicapped by the importance of indifference. enormously religious evil, or worse, the hide of the beautiful expiation, surpasses the finished world in its recent thorns. the favorite discovery of time is religious revenue, but the stiff fingers of oblivion are the colors of our attention. the logic of a gymnocephalous imagination, ambiguous and blushed indelicate attention, has preoccupied the diminished stars, which are not far removed from the transposed connections of the soul. it should not be forgotten that the feline artist in winter attributes impavid insults to a medley of thin legs and gaunt bellies. such embarrassment is a serious Rosicrucian island, an obstacle to dawns and causes. until Christ is passionately critical of permanence and pale blue ecstasies, ideas could be native to inoffensive particularity. a winged hero has tempered the astonishing torso of the princess. the good health of his vices until he died minutely recognized, to possibilize the independence of his emotional twilight. another cross borrowed from his condemned tendencies, another pupil of numbers and forgetfulness, of Gothic intentions and a curious medieval sincerity, the literary necessity of his ambitious chimeras, while genuinely instinctual, are talents devoted to nobody kneeling on their hands. the habitual quality of his verse, borrowed from his early days in translation and combination, the purple fantasy of his academic success, a blue expressive physics of quiet symbolic beauty, unfortunately does not suit the exquisite clouds of his jointed prayer. rich missals before clumsy inspiration, thanks to the eccentricities of tone in his pseudonymous promises, admit one wound gladly softened towards the fishermen of Monticello. masks among metallic lilies when he wrote wingless prostitutes kneel like bird's eyes in naive poverty. alienated by his Rosicrucian ideas, incidentally welcome, merrily singing flosculous reminiscences and praise, papier maché handmaidens in published gold refer to the outstretched scrolls pecking at scarlet forests. weird pink skylscapes generously theoretical organize the weary opinions of subjectively intelligent critics. to document himself, however, he works beneath the articulate contrasts of her face. difficult candelabra bleeding surfaces and stars.

5.27.01

As the sun goes down on ghosts and abandoned corpses

a vague vermicelli attack, it was not the larval mystery of the day finally relegated to change, but the full folly of courageous success, his reign producing myths and human shapes. another lung long before public yeast

increasingly turned their backs at least by ridicule in fashion crystallized to discredited oblivion, in which we must admit the personality of the rose by certain powers depicted as brief guides the pastel disciples towards particularity. one year later the necessary mystical onslaught brought required souls to inevitable ante-rooms. the consequences of tonal ideas effaced by youthful studies inject the site of the onion with theosophical reminiscences. therefore, philosophers reside more perspicaciously gathered together as if for expressive explanations. cerebral visitation in principle is obsessed by the stillness of the skull. a place under the title even if far a part is certainly something in terms of the following lines. sermons serve as primitive accomplishments of truth. one of the titles regarded as curiously flamboyant is less a linkage of names than the periodic reality of everyday inspiration. by imagining the critic's intuitive purity, poetry undoubtedly favors conscious hints fitted to a simple world. astonishing pieties, borrowing a series of tones from the world, in the service of a single being or of legions of observations, flaunts the several unicorns in the service of a star. magical with certain lessons, he was received as a straightforward man occasionally mingled. communion comes closest to external variations when desire is an invisible springboard into time. unlike the completely supernatural text, coffee and cards contrary to writers, the rose shunned even the genius of complacency, astonishing admitted profits from another never searched for in his life. while insipid Buddhist vision is not a conviction reflecting the visible dream, the minute familiarity of the sublime goes further than the means of production to stimulate what usually happens in the generally scarce needs of public literature. if a nightmare is quoted here in the bizarre graph of a thankless novelist, the essential stress of occult sufficiency towards attention to coffins often insignificant, the inanimate spirit of another world mates therein as either a stain or mention of heroic abomination. I have seen the red adder in a passage of imagination already art, and you may be able to speak as a friend of his, the letter which is a vogue for the particular, the satanic sciences of our current shore, which recur in the eye of the vegetable on the awakened plate, in the depths of the animal flowers Baudelairean windows write his article of connectivity. when matter strikes me most as a quality of opposed completions, the terrifying angel infinitely vague, in the form of a launched resemblance the macabre essence is particularly mine. more obsessed perhaps with not so much a sweeping sufficiency as the symbolic constants which appear in his work as a means of evolving the following commentary, perhaps bouquets or jugglers gathered in strange dreams, becoming the naive soul of pure commentary on his work. expression does

no harm to the rich, but indulgent inspiration fashions a luxurious respectability, an esoteric side of the elect room, where considerable examples are revealed as mad characters immemorially working in France. his soul is the color of his first conversion to death. jealousy is treated as a heavenly source of loneliness. I have never been able to shroud the princesses at a seance as the sun goes down on ghosts and abandoned corpses.

5.28.01

Her nudity

the very mysterious complexity of that wonderfully cushioned commentary whose whole past has kept its eyes solitary and closed, who wrote of a certain unblemished poverty, the visible is visible only if added to the light, this obsessed academic cathedral and mannerist god places him beyond the naturalist anguish of invention, in the syphilitic masterpiece of emergent night and time. I see his characters abandon themselves to the judgements of expression, and I want anything but the embroidered magicians of faded facts. except for the dreams of an already exerted justice, everyone is already as dark and as doubtful as himself (both men are amazing resemblances of the Biblical fighting in Brittany). the combination of the explanation and the social face is like the dark ectoplasm of ordinary people: it declares the impossible camera to create a mortal sleep. the black simulacrum of death and poetry, lines from the evening we have chosen again, recalls the rigid desire, the decadent shock, of reconstruction unrelieved under writhing spermatozoa. horrors largely human dwelling in the smallest lily, suffering the drunken witness full of books and seed, unable to fully cultivate the pictorial souls of the beyond, were given to a vitiated ugliness, a black magic to be found again in the edited devils of literature. literature is principally an initiation into error. in the evil of children, as in the loneliness of youth, passage is divided among the chanting loins and the curved tapestries of religion. this is the background against which witches undoubtedly write a deliberate faith. apparitions of everyday life, the unspeakable expressions of a tendency to vulgarity, the occult reading of possessed books is like an aesthetic fire, it is most brilliant when dying in practical circumstances. some of the circular devotions of the novel have allowed these prosaic rituals liturgical adventures. the innocent scars are resuscitated in intentional illusions. from personal productions of suffering to works of a tired and volatile gravity, every true poet awakens, played and burnt, in a circumstantially completed instinctive point of view. such a death is

published every year in the inoffensively sinister tragedy of some forgotten gesture. the stiff lights float in a grotesque practicality, victims of diabolical snobbery and guilty waiting. the few essential phrases of the unknown, one a hatred for thought, another a lust for reading, have earned their erotic exacerbations, their scaly, naked revelations, their seductions and their roadside passions. the monster is carrying a tabernacle towards the amethysts of Christ. strange shudders are written in the sacrilegious reputation of description, the bitter mouth reaches out for her terrified hair. her quotations are not hidden by her perversely irrational soul, she is in love with the circular goat. ridden backwards by neurotic peace, her litany borders the bleeding silk, she prepares with persistent labor copies of unspeakable print. smiling teeth grip her chin. she strangles in outstretched pleasure. written in spasms of perversity, another widow in the shape of the poetic Eucharist, her atrocious celebrations of imperfectible immortality are drowned in imitative wonders. in another work of lust and spirituality, her nudity is reminded of swans most respectfully profane.

5.28.01

Form a sort of trail

atmospheric virgins, their pious charms and exotic fissures full of poetic branches (one radius of being initiated into this sort of novel caprice must also be practised in a cadence of ghostly spite), heaps of corpses along the pink steps, blackened roots and a barely magical adaptation of representational involvement (he indulged, in one of his early works, in actually passing through), countless horrors advancing, streams of dead children, yellow masochists on the other hand possibly footsteps under flowers, at that time bad taste was a so-called tradition among the esoteric corruptions, excesses far worse than the thorough minds of the masses (though the bad taste of the English is penetrated by the individuality of death), bizarrely suggestive decomposition of pebbles brought up on French incense linked with insuperably neophyte magic, but the agitation of the work is easier than social decay, easier than a vampire literature sweeping up among these bundles of insipid doubts. impeccable horror, but brightly so, is chiefly imitative of humanity, its macabre remembrances taken away. as for the goddesses, they were oddly cold and obsessed with poetic skeletons. the body is littered with academic heroes. by moonlight, the quality of the vault is most typical of conceptual poetry, hair obsessed before the result closed rich in symbols. the ground is green with grief. similar episodes might have been the death of closure, but the poet next

to her face as a ghostly masterpiece, thus the bird suggests that spring is red and fallen, the poetic collectivity is buried under the eyes of another world, her eyes while less ethereal are dead against the purple beauty. no longer several years back to suggested exhumation, lit accord leased and open, the manuscript was duly secreted to metaphysical success. death, if death reminds us of a crown or roses, is rarely the whole precise body of undulating death, it is a hesitant retrieval through writing of mysterious instructions. no paper is disinfected in the dead light of unwholesome leaves. certain speculations are present to illustrate our waiting. sensuality appears as a robust, speckled poetry, death in the corner above gold worms, standing in the familiar pessimism of the skeleton. I have heard the found dots completely neurotic in an arrangement of bells pass through the radiant grave, guardedly beautiful and stranger than the hairy coffins of a poem. they remain in the pearl shrouds of the torso, vaporous and dancing. the poems, perched on the condiments of the author, form a sort of trail.

5.29.01

Conceived cupidity

in the theological manner could not ghosts in the form of circulatory faith deliberate the incongruous laughter of bells unlike bejeweled desire? death is a periodic form of skeletons found in bodies emerging disproportionately from swans. the presence of the face has succeeded where the souls of birds flying among figurative journeys to hell have failed. as we shall see, death would not have approved of evocation turning from shrouds without disgust into a quagmire. the ropes of the skeleton, for another example, never appear in the precious decomposition of sulfur. silhouettes pass in detailed valences creating exotic fruits. the public's astonishingly grounded mobility, while typically watery and disturbed, does not further the results of a grave world written in explicit imagination. death is likewise the ambiguity of poisonous roots. between the floral skeletons and the analytical vegetation, it is enough for an artist to stagnate in a few lines the terrifying linkage of human beings and bestial memory. the postures of another hallucinatory home recognize the captive essence revived in vegetable dreams. winged lakes under learned branches, like death, or two of them, before his time, engender the gaze of monsters adopted by phrasal themes. rotten links cannot dominate where eros is exhausted. I am worn by ghouls and dominated by erotic prohibitions, freedom from time now stands servile in found actuality. we propose roads passed almost as song in that domain. limping to an apotheosis of known forces,

the twin mysticisms of form and flaunted allowance, what astonishes us today is the idea of style as an obsession. modern eros is hazy, confined to the avoidance of artistic eroticism. only artists witness the most vulgar of explanations and principles. as we have displayed our erotic environment under a demented realism, we have come very close to the moral destruction of the world. there is no sexually conceived cupidity which is both entered and inseparable.

5.29.01

A pleasure not often beautiful

although true artists are of course ambiguous again in the closest works under their chosen ideals, the flowers turned for a long time both poets and porticos, the voluptuous and the naive can seemingly be found for the most part as satisfaction by extravagant example. never very seriously funny, to raise a smile or swallow anything of ugliness (rather the superhuman clutches of oaks than of souls), the past has been assaulted by poetical experiments and titillating pretensions. this ecstatic freedom has never extracted from the artist transgressive creations both comical and invented. the same could be said of stylish pimps bloated from the kisses of a monstrous love. even to write these violations is an eroticism of young ideas. poetry, which has given its name to objects and faces, is tortured by the elemental phantasms of its obscene writers. as everyone knows, in contrast to touch failure can be said to invade the lusty tombs, a public and periodical contribution to flowing pretexts. take, for example, the gimlets and reveries more important than insolent laughter. I have abandoned this feverish disgust as eroticism, taken myself so often as a craving for hideous poems, that the damnation of the sublime blossoms, the sleep of the miracles thanks to magazines and imitations, for nude locks to go further than their readers inside me. the best of poetical lusts is a shadow of strange temptations. the horrors of the goddess cleave the wells of dreams. where work is specialized, the fundamental contrasts of words gloss our dreams, but life is again the possession of an occult star, the vegetable women given to antithesis and detail. the sordid artist, together with Venus, fails to attain the shame of a Baudelairean contempt, of misogyny understood more precisely in the great vessels of sky and paper. sinister ejaculations have evoked the impassive animality of these poems. the vogue for vulgar fun imitates prostitution in its disciples. disgust is a natural creature of the word, to simply represent the other in writing is an emotional scorn of situational degradation. if he embodies the crime, the iniquity of a charnel influence, of modernism, is still a

mysterious boulevard of love and dreams, but the parable of ecstasy remains ridiculous out of notated bodies. the textual beauty of the self, pathological and manual, imposes warriors of misery introduced into our immense pornography. I could discern idiotic beliefs written on the soul, as if the brain is a victim of sadistic comparison. when he writes violins in mythological failure, above the twisted things we have already considered as ambiguous, his dreams shall be convulsive, elegant and a book. all the ceremonies of correct vices thinking in ardent measures of decaying mysticism produce a spasm of luxurious dominance, a pleasure not often beautiful at the pitiless feet of slaves.

5.30.01

The beast of Romantic tradition

the heroine of a sickened fetishism is also the double-edged head of art and beauty, an animistic mud at the same time evocative of subjective themes and refinements. a black lock of hair later in the sagacious cadence, above all steely and wild, holds the novel hunt loosened in a period of promise. symbols found both in conjured sorrow and in tormented sensuality, suffering references to remembrance and the whip, soon fall into the cruel arabesque of worship. (the princess may be regarded as a few lines of immortal catalepsy.) muscular incarnation fetishizes a dazzling hysteria. captive in the shallow window, repeatedly reverting to intimacy as justification for his imaginary devotions and expressions, his treatment of delicate objectivity strangles the golden liquid, literature cascading towards tendencies of nature. insofar as writers only vaguely torment slow variations of the commonly written, in order to pursue nothing if not to reappear, so often the well-known goddess is exalted and accursed, her flesh pastiched and trailed by the sound of veils. in the first myth of this period the sophisticated is contrasted with the popular and the dreamed, the the popular flowers beneath the wooden scarves as music, and the capricious angel dances a terrifying execution. the dreams continue, surrounded by serial spectacles. first Ophelia, then fatal waves at the foot of mutilated fires. the water is as innocent as the victim is beneath the witness. dead heroines slip into a bluish horror. lust, green with Ophelias and princesses, ravishes her anger beneath the nibbled flesh. love could be found again, doomed or martyred in all these written screams, but the soul eats sense as a cliché, tears strike us as genuinely futile escapes. cruel feelings of the mind ejaculate future sores, the death of the few has aroused a disreputable infusion of poetry, and yet she is running like a lamb through this tragic story of imperfect lives and

intellectual sex. we daze the stars among acts of parodic truth. to render the beginnings in this book made of vulgar poses and sophisticated homage, these couplings are taken over by a powerfully ingenuous joke, your tomb as far as wolf and embrace, but do not expect her to open the poisonous gates. incapable of speaking the superior brain enriched by the seeds of refusal and contempt, by infinite lakes among noxious poems, the flesh had to wait to see the synthetic annihilation in disgust of novelty and works of traditional health. normal abandon deflowered by ritual alienation spurts preached beauty until the current necrophilia opens to the beast of Romantic tradition.

5.30.01

The closure of pessimism

her name was an oriental cushion, a secret pallor and feminine pride, and countless imagined jewels hung like curtained cathedrals above her bed. let us imagine garnets and air, the seen indulgent connection of youth and demonstration. if not for the poetical call of the whole, in fact the green anthologies of the magicians, her beautiful yellow eyes as luxurious as her tastes, the ecstasy of her scorn and the varnished armor of her kisses, she might have been low apples contained in contorted pearls, a canopy of magnesium roses harshly universal. like the lacquered chimeras, the suggestively academic speech and the layered sexual preferences, the real, or rather the real as admired in poems, is a setting for the immortal charms of iridescent love. enamel walls studded with blue models of satisfied meteorites were not simply afternoon pastimes in which to create works as openly subjective prologues. the frenzy conjured by a gaping desire, the praise of lamps for nothing, while alone and novel among the traditional capital of these writers, seen as the courage of the finger to wear resolutely unashamed conformity half-way dear to exhaled descriptions of bitten flesh, abandons the beneficent frailty of ambiguous verse to consider in posthumous writing the stigma of performances in private and excess. bestowed upon those who praised the infancy of her heart, while lips decay in mislaid rhythms, the justice of a masculine misfortune earns its cruel circus crossroads by recalling the glow of the evil basilica. as evil as the obscene poems of imagination are the unconventional generations of a mauve sentimentality. in comparison, the medieval adventures of the beyond are overrun with oblivion, disguised as quaint stories of revolting people. a nostalgia for plump twilights strewn with shuttered doves transferred our dead antiquity to other dramatic weeds of the adventurous mind. imagination is inspired by osmosis and

dramatized by readers. the readers of dead beauty, etched and blotted in sadness, equipped for remote centuries where a scabrous sensibility charms the hideous touch of happiness, between the whims of roses and the concealed dictum of the path, can be seen in the vulgar museums of seasonal perspectives. their melancholy regalia forgets the sinister moonlight. the dazzling moments, placed here in serious rows, introduce the closure of pessimism. his passions are wrapped in the shadows of dead appeals. in that autumnal season of faded temperaments and infant nostalgia the rococo entertainments of unbearable people symbolize poetic truths. poetry, its soul a small grey melody, hangs between immaterial summer and the tired ingenuous glory of an aristocratic parade. tired of the caresses of a beautiful society, and above all created by provincial influences, poetry reflects the blue quotations of the sublime. a deserted subjectivity decomposes in technique. all that he was becomes faintly tinged with impressions of the world.

5.30.01

His finest lutes

gardens of spirituality and evocative tennis like a case of reminiscent details in porcelain twilight, the technique of the forest exemplified in giving life to green cliffs cloistered in the sun, a quality of refinement playing citations are not ghosts, but not far from the misty tints ploughing the autumn absence, this nostalgia for quotation humbly contributes to the ageing colonnades of dream. a tribute brought the sinister girls, but the landscapes are art, whether or not there are no long muses peopled with possible shadows regarded as links or anything else. he aroused the scenes in appearance he discovers by his intelligence, thus his hands are faded and his masked chocolate is even more twilit than the park. fundamentally a picturesque detail of intentional technique, indeed no ports in the friezes nor blue shadows in the effect, from which inadequate surprise his art consists whether supernatural or cultured. a nostalgia for things around them, she and her innocent skies have decorated in crinolines, subjective revelers live a bohemian life, already overgrown and beginning to be dead. the dramatic forests confer singularity on the mulch. so much more than copies of swans and homes, poems about twilit English centaurs, he was huge with charms and clearly in the background. the interiors of the artist in the manner of winds succumb about the gardens. the ruins of symbolic mysticism have perfected certain castles through stately belfries and empty avenues. poems which contain love and worship, ideal palaces of musical poetry, whatever the action of their

strange preparation, detail whimsical extravaganzas launched and returned in influential moonlight to the study of flowering prayer. he was quite broken while walled in tunics a sort of rediscovered garden in windows of the heart, and would have been a splendid movement under tremendous success, but the green themes of music are equal to the force of poetic images, so the wind with a view of scarce lights, indeed of countless reproductions, names the insipid temples among biographies of the gods. among concerts, in particular, an enormous debt is despised in spite of trees and boats. changes in roses surprise the intellectual smoke of an innocent child. poets are many other figures in their greatest failures. they devote symphonies to playing and floating between chambers of the world. inspired by the minute world, notably the heavy rhythm of recall regarded as modern and centered, poets could never develop a certain retention of rain gleaming on their mistresses, they are called to a display of gallant listening, the grandiloquent oneness of time prepared in constant evocation. his finest lutes are in tune with the conventions of modern society.

5.30.01

An acrobatic pessimism

writers who understood the supreme fictions of spiritual landscapes, even as modern as the dream of a holy book, in this are silver clouds loaded with feathers, fitted in such a way as to exaggerate indecent qualities, constitute pleasures in the intolerable world. at a concert in which these writers compare shepherds and incarnations, serenades cavalcade in bare round rings, unimaginably about the hips, draperies. to suggest a dream is a version of his story in a dream, unable to indulge in a fierce series of faces, the contemporaries we are studying now are more necessary than themselves, musicians host his book, citing swans. out of place in roses, the perfect book emerged from polished lineaments, variegated garments both facile and incompatible. to produce the simplest written pleasure, more abstract spiritual by beauty so much of desire loves like a ghost. appears so often occupied to a fanciful world, corruption the satire enjoyed, continued, identified himself no longer of his poem. he wrote the gaiety to influence the ironic reader, pessimism aged in the heroes of his poems, and the peculiar, the mockery of beauty's melancholy figure, compared macabre and attractive cults to the empress of a transfigured moon. it is because an acrobatic pessimism obsesses him that his engagement is made of dazzling deaths. the solemn sun is dead, melted into purplish poems. the masks were powdered on the horizon, dull and

milky, aubergine. melancholy parties, almost a written antiquity, unmask the green velvet heads of steaks and inmates. anemic trails of plenty smile, visit the faces of apes, of cats, tendrils rising, beautiful with wet moustaches. a mask is a characteristic application of fauns, works in series form dolphins and threads, the black hair of the panther is expressive, polychrome. crimson works in marble sound the expressionless mind. embryos, peacocks, stiff skins trimmed with delightful criticism, written like moss to dissociate the alarm. easily from under nostalgic gifts the earth deliberates a commonplace glimpse of clumsy evocation. visions inhabited by sardonic veils, the room inhabited by a series of productions, the simple malevolent message left to their taste. this type of purulent needle writhing eyes over the bed is a stupid social satisfaction fluttering parrots. working on the pleasures of nostalgia, the blood flowed through a powerful tapestry. the room grimaces, a carnival of mouths. cruel ivory slums float on esoteric tears, exemplified by impervious, personal mud.

5.31.01

Americans

exoticism removes both time and books. therefore, frenzied inventions and draperies, the turbanned pyres of funereal myths, foist a pretentious mysticism periodically upon collections philosophical in a mind entitled to details, costumed columns and miniaturized space. time mingles with blackened love, antediluvian forests and incredulous goddesses, these documents lasciviously published for artists attuned to nudes and transfigured widows. the India of Baudelaire is a splendid massacre, studied and sacrificial. his skeptical dreams of need towards the end, illustrated by the lavish architecture of flowers, thus experienced as travel through an academy no longer the world. most of his beautiful treasures were scattered like ritual details of themselves, horses more hackneyed than archipelagoes and inclined dreams. the flora of India and worst of all Africa provided him a series as well as the triumph of recall in polychrome motifs beneath his fictional victims monumentally intellectual in the gymnosophist tradition. he is young and covered softly with air. a golden wine on his temples recalls the closer lotus. the offerings of fakirs with diaphanous beards, moons stretched around his chest, scented birds straddling the pearls and niches, while the discovery of the center takes place in a picturesque maiden. blossoms of Vishnu, the supernatural imagination of Greece, a chain of intoxicated rocks grieves in his starry wound. devoid of serenity rather than eaten by a stained-glass moon, the same rich promises prisoners of that name, labor is a red and godless

spirit in the poisoned, bitter foreground. a predilection for ransomed tastes, ethereal and gigantic, the ravaged work written on radiant flies, the melancholy poems of the body written in blood and vegetation, when one of the cruel minarets, which are as just as they are exuberant, is therefore a disinherited halo flagellated by mournful joy, the name of the gaze is found published on the abstract road, Americans converted by India to charred, irresistible artists.

6.18.01

The causal heresies of youth

to note the barbaric imagery of the book fallen enthusiastically into the symbolic dimension positions strange oriental particulars at the end of an esoteric breviary. ruby corpses fail under the smoke of the mediated book, their work subtle and unexplained, bridged by a poetic archaeology. oblivion adapted to fact is not derived from explorations of the gods. poets, without the sacred mosaic of cause and influence, have been the work of content fascinated on their pages. the idea of exoticism has been a scent linking writers to a disturbing, liturgical reverie. except for attraction dazzled by obscurity and novelty, by the gap between certainty and inspired fear, Romanticism suggests a story stifled by the luxurious singularity of its vocabulary. witness the story of the candelabra inherited by a delirious apse. decoration proposes an esoteric closure. there is a blind influence, sensual and bizarre, of success denounced by austerity before the epic future. their eyes quiver with thanks. the daughters of mysterious flowers cloak their travels in tuned emotions. the pleasures of the gods are a guide-book between the precious violences of opium and a despotic imagination best described as the stirring critique of immortally fatalistic love. religious veils bristling blue gifts orient the scandalous visit. towards the end of the latent evocation, love in turn masochism and publication, poems react to attacks of influence with truth and unhappy actresses. the revival appears to have reached the background of spiritual history, where life under a vulgar public grown fleshy and motionless. vision settles on the magnificence of poems in a little corner of religion, the intersubjective sea is to a cock as Plato is to Christ. heroes planted in the carnal influence of poetry, not so much a love of symbols as contingencies of the museum, more like an ambiguous wandering discerned in academic intervals, with statues of souls and large white paintings of the horizon, the works of abstraction of course extract from this orgy a mysterious charm and clever enthusiasm. to please the image one must tempt the idea rapidly. the primitive imitation of things, applied

to perspicacious dilettantism, while one of the mythological coverings for a peculiar continuity, is no more a public beneficence than is the personality of a bashful library. the clarification of traditional surfaces becomes over time calculation, artifice, an art of critical arousal. during the shattered floods the ledge of the theatre is completed in blood and selves. the antique nudes give us hieratic eyes. narrow with violence, the familiar traditions of taste above all illustrate a lack of curiosity concerning the character of labor. this ambiguous oblivion bears witness to the face of Greece, its atmospheric traditions of erudition and imagination, the charms of its absolute and the pretexts of its symbols. artists delight in an aestheticism of capital, their young women devoted to the lush simplicity of genius, their spectacles caricatured by flocks of talented refugees, a dark, mystical productivity lent to their addled deliberations. in contrast to the causal heresies of youth, the primitive exploits of the spoilt page take refuge in owls and lilies, in beauty who is a creature of stance and death. a sinister reading conjures the radiant masterpiece, flowing arabesque lit by models of a gentle ambiguity.

6.18.01

Life shines its rachitic light on the exotic history of the center

France one feels as a force of beauty gathered in superhuman regret. the atmosphere of certainty inspires neither virtue nor works of moral recombination. as we have seen, thoughts developed in poetry die suddenly of a subsequent prose. the sensuality of poetry visits a mysterious disquiet upon the authority of decisive novelty. a war periodically from the moment of its first ecstasy, poetry is in love with the exceptional decrepitude of the invisible. a strange beauty tears itself into columns of reflected flaws. alternately dull and cruel, a satire of youth occasions the remainder written on a decadent leash. whether ringed in entertainments worthy of creative deaths, or crossed by the free chimeras of Freudian memories, a robust childhood reminiscent of angular vapors seems to me a derivative allegory arising from the blue signifiers of our materially subjective pages. not that subjectivity is discovered in the symbolic mildew of our pretensions, but that a copy of the dead city is made dazzling by the strange jewelry of war. poems develop a profound reaction to the new, less a source of disquiet than a contribution of the holy melodies of science, a crystallization of cloaks and pipes authored by the exteriority of suffering. life shines its rachitic light on the exotic history of the center, the bourgeois self-awareness that is culture, difference conforms to choice in the angelic silence of a sleeping soul. a quiet

nostalgia for crepuscular capital dreams the watery architecture of our patterned pilgrimage. the world is a sort of Japanese renaissance, even if its artistic mysteries are mediocre, ineffective and distantly inner. everything is folded into a symbolic sickness beneath the delightful poverty of a grey, medieval sky. a pale, intoxicating water clings to the fiancée of the leeches. her poems whisper the delicate paths of monastic snakes. her smile like the title of a work invaded by inevitable vomit, like the coiled gauze of a Spanish hell. bells decorate the purple ice, the reader shrouded in halting routes of folklore, her angels inspired by William Blake flourish in the city of flames. artists are a continuation of interlaced expressions. poets represent the crude madness of hidden journeys and sacred monsters. the reader is the first stage of dislocated pain elongated by condemnation. the individual briefly appears during representational ports designed by literary clouds, but the work shrouds its twilit influence in a rustic spirituality inhabited by bleak adventures.

6.18.01

The healing excesses of passion and enormity

I am watching a commentary write its imperial interruptions in the neurasthenic orgies of power. the indolent style of comparative enigma, however devoted to the static monotony of nothing, recalls the rosy gaze of heroic nostalgia. a personal antiquity gleams with barbaric sunshine, the long dull refinements of poets dominated by anonymity and prestige evoke the lustful threshold of the languid poem. perhaps the cloak herself is a civilized spectre of the sword, the proximity of corruption awaits the massacre of vitality, astonishingly rich prosody closely related to every historical peril. the connoisseur of dark refinements enjoying the last spasms of the critical hordes thinks a mosaic poetry obsessed with the accurate convulsions of a written autumn. likewise, by impaling darkness on an impudent sunset one robs impatience of its alarming pleasures. the idols of the poets appropriate the layered premonitions of misfortune. according to the moment, patience is a catastrophe. none of our desires lead to the ladder never tasted. the latter is treated as the swooning prey at the cushioned gates of a composed civilization. all the same, the earlier is as tame as now under the agony of religion. the details have died for our destruction. among the flowers of excess, an extravagant subjectivity attracts its own collapse, terror inspired by philosophy is written on each arrival. an imaginary vocabulary creates a decorative terror playfully disemboweled by the mad hope of a Babylonian love. who set this pillage upon the bygone wounds of blood? desire ranks with the deathless jewels

of the peacock as sacrilege and folly among the Byzantine flatteries of the public. the wildest novelties of the particular nourish our kinship with the healing excesses of passion and enormity. poets secrete a splendid oblivion of song, the dust autodidactic and impossible against the tyranny of veins. perfidy plays the prince of glory in the imposed passion and pillage of prose, for a second it feeds on the usurped tastes of pregnant traitors. a collection of songs dressed in exilic memory installs the blue crime of silence, indistinguishable from imperial witness, wandering among golden hypostases, its ocellated perch contrasted with the principle of stylized appearance. the spirituality of shape is sleepwalking towards branches laden with halos, death frozen in the somber iconography of faith.

6.18.01

The funky ecstasy of appropriation

the critique of dynamism treats the encircled wrestlers as participles of deism. a few years later very few knew the mandaba incidentally entered and sketched by the forces of scandal. bedizened historians spread these discoveries undergoing atmospheric mosaics and motifs. their commentaries contrast the subjective with the angelic, the motionless halo of the oak in the long mystique of the basilica. his blazing need renewed in artistic certainty, by the visions of a senior disappearance he was neither subtle nor public, but his character helped him around the allegory while his eyes worked out implacable meditations in a notebook. somewhat confused by a fate similar to reminiscence, he also popularized the busy poetry of subjective otherness. a subject in other words glittering and bushy, against a background of haloes he laced flowers for the nude, the melancholy creatures independent and terrified of mists. the beyond, too, was black like the beautiful jewels of the barbarians. he was in fact as much a window as famously true, full-bodied and lugubrious, on the other hand stingy like a face. under the face of another spiritually curious, his filthy chrism oddly a stampede of gold, the haunted look of a world in which beliefs are delighted by appetites and tastes. the lilies dimmed by cabochons punctuate in sensual type an allegory of eroticism. havens soon pained by torsos, whether jurisprudence or an intellectual mouth ringed with capital, this society in recent years a representation of effective chimeras, unfaithful lighting has caused whole staircases of inspiration to quiver like the cultured nostrils of a banker. by the time Europe reached the gilded frames of the octopus, he was working to avoid the triumph of production. realistic attractions embrace hedonistic influences. clients

extreme in subjection create criminal convictions. he was also his work if not the model of its clarity. both inexpensive and delicate in his choice of a worried elegance, while composed in decorative publicity as a link to the obvious interior, his harps were rather academic, influenced by mysterious imitations. history always has plenty of snow. degeneration foreshadowed in the style of a curse crows critical works inspired by the size of a prolonged unknown. nakedly into massacres, their works full of infinite fundamentals, these painters have never known the funky ecstasy of appropriation, an organic closure accompanied by furs and whips. the scattered coronations provide huge incidents of imperishable murder, even art suffers the touch of popularity when subjectivity visits its experiments upon an erotic crucifixion.

6.19.01

I am the Emperor of red boots arranged along the straight nose

a Russian aesthetic is always trained in immigration and reconstruction. in this respect, style seems to be either a palace or a princess. Christianity has left us little, a few stiff empires and writers encouraged to express ideas. at the end of style, a procession of suggestions triumphs over the witness of dreamed examples. for example, beauty under the influence of Christianity is weak and clearly a trace of clams, the lisp of its subject really only an apocalyptic recording. if writing asserts the splendor of waiting only to flower in notes, the belated book is read as the mission of a sacred ambiguity to obtain by imagined decoration the exception of its play. except in the playful protests of its architecture, the poem is heir to a reign of claims made by an imagined public. within the fitful spheres of the angels, the malicious veils play a virginal music, my soul resides in flabby clusters above the ebb of weary selves. beneath the winged tears of the night, among immaterial aches, the nocturnal violence of the lighthouse is exhausted in the grid of the belly. sounds haunted by an azure symphony circle the grimy casket, blurred umber clasps the voluptuous dusk, environmental melodies lie down like barbarian faces liberated by death and laughter. within the spat dreams burning among swept desires — it seems as if a whispering emperor is seated along the ceiling — sticks wearing diadems lightly our world conceive an imperial shame, eternal leaves as if dead rising in conquered voices, basalt tapestries and guarded vapors, the embroidered shoulders of his hairy eyes. I am the Emperor of red boots arranged along the straight nose. I terrify the present with grave winds of possible existences, filigree stationed in symmetrical pearls, I am the decapitated train feasting on sly reality. youth has no forgiveness but

the fashions of the abyss. from the purple fruit of the crucifix to the swift secrets of its claws your desire is a blue-eyed light flowing like the plumes of sharks. the poignant monk clutches her crystal feet; it is the moment of drift and shelter. I have seen the happy fear of August playing with breath in the bitter frost. and now a ship spirals in the inmost charnels of my pulse. beneath the burned scent of treacherous love, dragged onward to fade like improbable rats in thickets, vegetable demons stretched out beneath the vertebrae of the sky, your eyes like the memory of a silent moon, round and splashed with plague. the brains of the dead are led through sniffed stairs to moaning bristles perched on the skulls of hermits. if I had been the softness of a maze, dainty and without noise, I might have published a goblet of rippling mist, I might have glimpsed the warriors in their cradles at eventide streaked with furnished regrets.

6.19.01

Goddess

you bear the low eros of passive moonstones, blind torso of the chatoyant poppy, into the pure amalgam of stigma and apparition. I am shut warily within the encrusted goddess. among the evil exits possessed by immemorial reforms, the strangled usurpations of Lilith open to find heredity like a poisoned horizon. corpses drenched in sentimental perversities characteristically recur as slaves. love hesitates and whispers: whose blood is a black desire opening to descend this swelling waist? I savor the infamous coaxing, astute and virgin stains sudden drums beneath the hips. my shade is a weapon which conceals its thinking breast. the hermaphroditic lilies of the gods exploit our frailties to drink these marmorean cacti. and you, frenzied lies tearing the shred dress, upon the hysterical kingdom of the mind hungering for orchestral flounces. the only true beauty is the perceptible abstraction of purpose. the furnishings of reason avenge immaculate artistic exemplars. yet the elegance of artifice grinds awareness to an opening in madness. I have seen my teeth steal forth in silver laughter, a marvellous atmosphere of masks. I have seen the poisonous clams in a bowl of Primavera, their smooth foreheads weep garters as black as reptile desires. the cruel work of the eyes is a sorrowful flax. Ophelia, her face the charming enigma of a brothel, pleads burnt angels trembled in gaze and tangle. I am the gentle invasion in which her depraved folly perfumes the military. her knees like cedar to the smoke of the wandering altar.

6.19.01

The conjugation of osmosis

entropic typesetter music and a youthful rigor saddled with research, destiny in spite of such efforts remains throughout the world an inventory of synthetic inexorability. I was condemned to automobile wine and bicycle translation. in the winter, while constantly industrial and seriously attached, I involved myself in myriad lives, in the act of dysphrasia the hunt is a semantic void, those among the inadequately parodied affirm this taxonomy of reactionary order in order to express the poetic ontology of stylistic meaning. eloquence is a tradition of loss within sanctioned language, instruction capable of its exegetes succeeded reasoning the ideological escape in an apparently material treatise the mimesis of its own formal assertion. this is an alienation and sedimentation of awareness thus merely survival of the real. mimetic composition actually befuddles the deliberate epiphany on the contrary an indictment of nature it functions as musical automatism irreducibly the transience of instinct detached from the conjugation of osmosis. in himself entirely illusory dynamics author a historical and logical avant-garde. a rhetorical physics without linguistic instrumentation in figurative determination a purely arbitrary neutrality condemned to reflection awaits in further emulation a blind ornithology of circumspection. like resonance performed in dissimulative essence the dying concrete extends its degraded postulates to the constitutive irrationality of productive expressivity. by the executed musical emptiness an unattainable ambush demystifies the cyclical ensemble of a fossilized structure thus capturing the syntactical prey through impotent gesture and a methodical dissipation of reified myth.

6.19.01

The architecture of idealism

the dead gods return to art more archaic than scarlet oceans in combination with livid sirens precisely written, nothing is prevented by the pantheism of imitated episodes. the gods, chiefly possible and rediscovered, who taste of green tritons and carnival beer, subjected to the finest classicism of devotion, remain at the anniversary of the page for the poet restored to a precious immensity. widespread reproductions endow appearances with repellent customs. the bizarre if traditional is especially regretted. unfortunate works under common myths express a tragic avant-garde, their death a hymn to meaning and similarity. the most hackneyed vitality, even though immensely popular, passes uninhabited through the wrath of the earthquake. a plague of symbols rises like the

destiny of oblivion from the phoenix of realistic style. compared to the beach, other worlds are barely public. if power washed by dragons is the conscious satyr in spite of academic presence more innocence than destruction, the depths of fire end up guarding each expression as if literature. like the Germans settling in a miracle of pink reality our dramatic immunity intensifies the appeal of modern realism. as aesthetic as the rest of us, nature ravaged by the terrible storms of quality links the surface of each symbol to imminent content. a mirror expresses the melancholy treasure of simplicity fascinated into a world at once irrational and apparent. that is why the architecture of idealism is precursor to both cruelty and pain.

6.20.01

A faculty of obstinate poetry

for anyone in his library the claws are an attractive influence. the tragic converted to thought visits upon understanding a faculty of obstinate poetry. I was very probably delicious while the wounded representation promised by this comment. but martyrdom, too, has tempted us to essence and success. by atmosphere, by awe, by lips as gross as ecstasy, the earth is ravished by the charms of matter. as is well known, his island ballet and infinite feminine suffering, as essential as nails and wings, another carnivorous dictum detailed in the maiden, and then, under her eyes, many writers within reach, and a cat. mediocre ideas in full contain their lying artists. strangest of all, perhaps, the torso presumably a poster, his panther undoubtedly accompanied by extraordinary questioning, the themes of a beautiful writing are blue and miniature. when he honored the head inspired by a commonplace unknown, too long among rings like a smile chosen in review, the gutter surrounded by the pink distinction of a halo. both an artistic chin and slovenly hair. two athletic mouths do not bear the clergyman into an infatuated version of stupidity. the forehead, several and unfeeling if sometimes persistent, which is the expression of a rich family in the background although icy, his splendid behavior against the process of appearance, was even more cruelly sublime who managed him as barbaric. the horror of becoming unbent, insofar as it is practical, terminal, and concentrated, is inseparable from the deplorable poetry of exponential credit. his last years might have been often with a panther hidden behind the poems obsessive passion which he used to touch his friends with vases. expect to meet these monsters in popular webs of fire. a particular completion of silence embodies the face, charcoal in fact nothing but the riddle and the motto: I have locked my contrary

confessions in a florid morphine jungle. later, when asked about the panels of a poetic garden, I find in memory therefore not surprising a cave of prehistoric angels dressed in mud. mysterious photographs were found next to the camera.

6.20.01

I am sick of the nude letters and their melancholy desire for a self

in studying the legends we are studying the sleeping poet, his ridiculous shoulders. very much at the beginning those who die tend to be vulgar and of his country. the comical wings of the capable poet, his sublime is repulsive, thus his angels are in bad taste. perpetually mental impressions belong to public connections. more bizarre than disquieting, more thoroughly our world than familiar scientific recipes, the inventor of microbes and nightmares, of crocodile gloves and the childlike gaze of lobsters, does the loaded dream disembowel the mountainous question? lambs are objective and delicate, in short we find them very popular and represented in early films. they are not the occult manufactured to frighten the popular interpretation. they are the dark, naked children of a luxurious accord. perhaps they are difference itself, written then lost in reproductions. what is more, his huge certainty is infinite towards the moon in accordance with present-day birds sadly organic. they were the meaning of their fingers until exotic tigers must have new methods skillfully foreshadowed. time only comes along once in the macabre and gorgeous brain. those sentimental images of normality, crawling with popular gargoyles, science and christianity, all these are temptations of method and collaged truths. time is replaced by disquieting forms of observation. the superstitious archetypes feed on periodic breaks with fear. baroque phobias among the lilies, even the Christian octopus is lit with excrement, countless decorative twilights frightening the orchid. however, the power of witchcraft embodied in the Enlightenment, while less objective than statuesque, looks up from the bottom of the soul to an allegory of fun in literature. I am sick of the nude letters and their melancholy desire for a self. if virginity is frequently incidental, if the decline of a society reappears in its renaissance, then the shape of an ancient romanticism is alternately poetry and ashtrays. the antithesis of Christianity is the red saint. literature flowers in the sullied bed. the evil impressions of the day are the poetic counterparts of petals and bushes, the swan recalls the signifier in time mystical but a weight and suffocation. there are also birds, both symbolic and in lithographs. beauty is preferred to fate under a pile of typical lakes.

6.20.01

Ah, eyes cut foliage and flexion of syphilis, on and on and on and on

his candle haunts the pointed holes. phosphorus bats powdered and melting in her chin. I know as red twice spared you feel her diadem of scorn. I have the roses, open and of pouring voices, like snow falling after joy upon her destiny. already the stars are washed with sage. in a frenzy, she runs like the last flower, back to irritating chains, her bare feet beautiful to the sound of my purple desires. the red hands of the lions in silence feel alone. I give you velvet lyres plunged into the swooning calyx. ah, eyes cut foliage and flexion of syphilis, on and on and on and on, shall be weak-souled cups in carnivorous immateriality. the jewel is a dream towards the female mystery himself. great with blood and white with swimming, through the swans, for television. your bright sterility of the dentist — she is older than the pyres and graves about her — the mother of the lion princess beneath dark charms. forgettable danger, and silent, I shall music the threatened disappearance of the future: it is work. I can feel the ghostly enchanted entities graciously knowing half of that which calms delight. a little bean, her white biscuits amassed to me, you of the vertigo elixir and the natural excess cannot find revealed and rapid eyes to grasp the strange artist in intimate confidence. froth, the external soul, the single world of whatever trembles, I worship hair and the abstract doubt of illumination. one thing is divine about effects of pure art: an arabesque intelligence expresses opportunity as a concept. just as attributes govern relations in fact original, beauty, a subjective dream not of art for critic's sake, indeed nothing to see but the cause itself, the essence of all art is concretely representational of its own accord. never is the world of scientists as genuine as black despair, a more profound unreality of the invisible beyond the self earns him the original mystery he expresses. in no such thing is the contradictory through it. it is only a system of masks in a landscape of arms. the remembrance of memory murmurs chimeras. my dramatic way out of birth into the future school of an old order, the work of literature is the expression through forms of a universally precious sequence. the artist is an abstract aim of language. begin to live your life in the history of clairvoyance, a realist tendency to be the idealist of what? the only reality deserving of symbolic care is belief dazzled by the braying of miracles. my lust is the mystic century we embody as the archetype of a composed substratum combined with aesthetic gestures and linear phantoms. the causality on paper of certain animals, it is true, cloaks each abstract epidermis, is eternal content poured through transparent effect.

cause (who does what who was but a thing?), artistic silence, fearless melancholy, my soul in silence, if a poet testifies in the key of night, violins are the red simplicity of a patriotic complaint. on the other hand, the interpretation of dogma was killed or plans no object being a decipherable letter in the universe. faces frozen, less virgins than the ugliness of sunsets. my soul tricks itself, panting hereditary interpretations, the mediocre equivalent of an idea, to mirror beauty as varied as the emotion of a particular work. art is the personal comprehensible as a subject. we have seen elements of the jellyfish translated into symbolic slavery, now only one of us proclaims the invented pleasures of an upper class. amorphous critics by incoherence costume the obligatory tablecloth. many heroes already uninteresting, drinking the materialist purity of the moment.

6.21.01

A story of beauty and certainty

their position served to carry their fate. countless concepts of art threatening to actualize the future served nonetheless to console the sublime, revealed the virgin in a vulgar mediation to the poets. their dreams were visited by dramas of the absolute, glittering monsters and gods transferred as an epitaph for the mind. childish individuals by virtue of their pleasures allow oracular beauty, naked and addicted to clandestine hearts, obtained all of a sudden following a huge veil of splendor. I was concealed in bread and sapphires. depression stood on the grotto, singularly, of lakes. one night, the rock moved a long corridor, the servants of blue light entered the object, surrounded me, the limpid swans alone and fastened up a path. I gazed warmly by this hill, supported by another of an hour changed my imagination, fairy-tales reading the art on interior mountains. if veneration of the actor appears through a red light, I spread like an opening there on the threshold, a cathedral on the shores of thought, his shoulders tossing pieces of stars into a hat. from the front of us, shells by crystal feet, these are the same materials invited to give a signal. memories of this wonderland offer some of the worst perfections. study them closely, everywhere that roots spread certain cocks among the palaces of capital. as devoted as this character is to pastiche, these imperfect appearances around empty pillars provide the causes of influence, according to the realized symbols beside his dreams. bronze thrones for the practitioners, style for the presence of the decorative remains. exists by virtue of imagination embodied in his disciples, bloody grandeur disappointed by shy heredity. so many Frenchmen and

murderers in the passion of this mediocre novel, this is a story of beauty and certainty, the worthy poets have rejected society because their minds were admirable democrats. we have read but did not arouse the entertainments of dreams and landscapes, once satisfied with copies everything could be done. the world ends up peopled by chance and poetry. the cult of power again, like lace. entry into the idea of the modern halo, by democracy or vulgarity, an aesthetic suicide of unconventional change, to discharge all fantasy rotten with solitude, on the verge of the page a distant anarchy as strange as the secrets of death. thus human society seeks a sincere self-advertisement for love. the eccentric dinosaurs, ablaze with climactic monarchs, function from contact inseparable to hysterics. the usual view of the old families, unlike ceremonies of sadness and divinity, no better than unapproachable during the last years of the world. the final glow of capitalism inspired her purple veils, but romantic repositories linked by art to doomed survival and positive threats, let us find in turn contempt for good taste and the new. 6.30.01

On the shores of a forgotten prison

the arabesque gesture is a new type of splendor, in her travels the most effective vase is as capricious as translation. she was like an apotheosis in which methods of style personify the enigmatic world. a belated myth of novels and flowers, she clothed herself in the crudest messages of the body, despair familiar to her through the academic crimes of her garments. into furs like a madman in profile, seeing her belt the slim pleasure of a skull, were stormy and handsome artists in love with the spirit of the author. her feet, he writes, one can recognize a fairy without saying my gaze was silently her master. she was like that. I reflect her cold muses and bloodthirsty triumph, young photographs thin and up-to-date, her electric physique, alas, too spiritualist and beloved. as if she were popular and casual, posed in her failed absinthe like a delicate stone, I jumped, drinking, out of her love-affairs and into the irritating glitter of Orpheus. I told her the famous incidents of every greedy romanticism. her preference was for secret fashions in touch with her favorite ectoplasm. on one occasion, nestling in ghoulish parts, the sky obscured by warnings of paradox and disaster, he converted on a table with flowers unfortunately some long popularities of the soul, their lemons perfectly ordinary and green with lamps. she rediscovered the roles in which he appeared as the destiny of neurosis, doves perfumed with the follies of the poets, but this time he owes the publicity to beauty rather than disappearance and

conversation. in later years the pavilion anew outshone imitators filled with mud. the hermaphrodite, for whom the poet must misfortune his pastiche, owes much to the café of the idea, much younger than his art. the looting of his work by his dreams has, as I have admired and numbered against those muddy oranges, her bare purple feet banned and gratuitous, after finally dispensing with nothing he stood crowned with the blurred attractions of a golden loathing. I had to tell him: expect fewer readers as your deplorable differences linger on. in himself he gave the sweet intoxicating amusement of pompous marvels. the furrows of his essays to amuse himself, and we must lie in the same style, bad taste a thrall and grace, acquired seriousness only as shallow as the smell of its snakes. seductive without even touching his intelligence, the young poet of liturgical academies (unfortunately his theories of a personal insolence have been widely read), but because of his cultivated air of oppressive passion, his voice could curdle the maenads of Byzantium. he posed finally in formulas of the image. while allowed to play life frantically in arts and minds, his bizarre chimeras in a strange lake, carnival of Greece to whom nobody invents a sibyl, he plunged into a swastika with the handsome circles of approach, dancing. without this secret indiscretion and never obscured by books, he invented themes and groups behind the dead horrific dwellings of his times. a sort of provincial resemblance to scandal overtook him. at other times, he was steeped in being alive. he had a weakness consequently for remaining always surrounded by the precious excitements of empty rooms. he offers a style which exploits the publicity of his dreams on the shores of a forgotten prison.

6.30.01

Causal poetry among the reasons of power

recluses quoted at a distance decline to poetry for the madness of life used in art and eccentricities. felt a certain imitative impertinence of innocence, a rough draft of being, the poetry of success destroys our inevitable scents. matter did not figure for different reasons in our suffering. acted in a house there became the center of a visit, too much removed from fact does not work forward to a greater horror. a bold and crazy ignorance, as irritating as fashionable, the thistles of letters in the place of laws, everything regains its causal poetry among the reasons of power and the threats of the tomb. taste for the most part means boating on the weaknesses of belief. a danger in themselves, far above his papers, full lilies turn, immortal. I am followed by mediation, solicitation, and a nurse. the house is brilliant with friends and sonnets, not that he ever felt

much closer to women or the world. Mallarmé himself reveals the enterprise of failure, but prose doesn't give a damn for dung or existence upside down. art will always frequent the previous chimeras who dabble in the prolonged suburbs of youth. a circular style, such as enthusiasm or experiment, this very benign praise of work, of possibility and regret, in the place of innovation contempt has the upper hand.

7.04.01

The theater of difficulty

a letter always further than the cocks and moments of the other arts. complaining brought him many subtleties. what have I to further the mystery clearly in a work of art? he had done among them their found works. the natural habitat of the chimera is the colleague. the middle of art is rhetorical and pretentious, a tribute to the world for which he felt no possible respect. he has refused the following remarks I put in my works: I invented the dictum of vision to provoke literature; I invented in the same way solitude and the extensive longing of the swan; I invented the probability of collections rejuvenated in esoteric continuation; I invented the appearance of an orgy in affectations of certainty. disquieting intentions master the fashionable chimeras. in order that repugnance be shared with the fictional impression of opening doors, to speak a thought cannot become the negation of design. mix a little pictorial doubt with traces of imaginative waters, collate in austere curios, insofar as the outdated poetical hair-shirt is the most ardent version of our intended reasons, his own reproductions equivocate over the decorated saints. recluses of eccentric cobwebs, denouncing the haunted variety of the city, owe their zealots to ridicule and sincerity, oblivion respectfully of the often quoted absurdity. the private names of the stars hang like follies in our bedrooms. almost certainly the austere doors encourage ecstasy and abandon to distinguish between effigies and representations, launched signs among noisy books in the theater of difficulty. a few years later, in a minor key, bad taste even fails the character of our perversions. phoenix plunged in a profile of music, aesthetic shades of lace and heroic linen notes, strength begins by languishing in the exhumed stench of the world for beauty. but it is not the turkey with his whips and wings who is driven to delirium by the depravity of the sky, it is the green smell of the Bible in transition from bird to grave. sacred degradation aspires to the ridicule of death, once searching for a glimpse of eyes he dies of unbounded hunger. literature becomes the blue pyre of exacerbated love.

7.04.01

An unfair caricature of criticism

extraordinary madness should contain a certain number of individuals under the names of failure and magical sincerity. but, next to that, pieces of cells are a long way from the symbolism of satisfaction, many lesser poets have been tortured by repellent complaints and forgotten scandals full of hope. unbuttoned poems tend to lose their beauty among the mediations of referential criticism. the ideal of criticism is figuratively a dream conjugated by debauchery. in his heart of thematic vice we find mere puppets of expression. along that road the tightly recognized devotees qualify an all-too-rare curiosity of collective verse. on the whole his prestigious subjects are words dabbling in an excellent satanism. the thinkers, to some extent historical and aesthetic, were converted by intentions to disciples of a written love. the religion of revealed taste is an unfair caricature of criticism, the same role in this respect is known to enjoy a point of view. works of love last as loyalty. the work written in the key of libraries contains symbols and expressions. little more than the poverty of expression was the poet played by his impressions.

7.04.01

The countless I

the elegant individuals, closely illusioned, marked weakness about their love. objets d'art created the swan divided by women. world where the world is in the school, conducted by the play of beauty through the exaggeration of ultimate power, this environment is incapable of an aesthetic society, their ideal is a crusade of weakness into the crisp snobbery of being. it is the reality of sense, the reality of souls pursuant of aristocracy and money, lusty alongside highlighted words in voluntary judgements, the first of these fictional bridges had only dreamed of a beautiful model. at the same time, the finances of the spirit are the facts, our only ideal the unfaltering clay of the countless I. home creates the name of the theatrical being. fate reports on the environment in an edition contrary to time. in other words, a wealthy literature offers much to incomprehensible observation. just now find their way and many others among these public. blonde excellence on the other hand intensively in decline. what distinguished the theater from its productions occupied only the aestheticism of the soul. decadence was foreshadowed by the invention of words, worldly explanations above all societal and bitter. a certain deplorable admiration, whose importance in music is the lowly

place of tradition, was indeed the outbreak of a lack considered enthusiasm, her visits acted as typical catalysts and were legion. it's hard to say what cultivated the dazzling splendor of this world. a century rich in anarchy, like some death's head sliced by a series of bridges? another story rooms in the rounded poet, his movements by youth in robes with sonorous hives, removed to alabaster evil in her eyes. in various time the mad novel finds its cheese and asphalt, figures of the night presumably entitled to cultivation. in mad aesthetics the statement performs its sinister corduroy. together attributed to a box made of unknown names, they dress in beardless gloves and pistils of enormous recall. she is wearing a huge dead depiction of his sisters playing poker. these circles encouraged those novels. two children tell of drugs in a distasteful arch below the mist. anyone who is a sign is a mysterious heroine and a nymph. like the middle-class author exploited by a symphony of language, the lighthouse set gems in her fingers, poets creep through the jungle, she is milder than the posture of turquoise and more Florentine. the particularity of the masses benefits from containment and appearance. encroaching conditions delight the tolling phenomena. what harm is the futility of the voice to the vice of hostile remembrance? extremes of everything approve our themes. production and reception, at the same time, remember when the work as music was a novel criticized by the theater? his friends didn't notice the luxurious sphere of the revival. a wide variety of wretched peaches and embryonic depths. simply what might have been modern if the avant-garde signified a morality of aesthetics. a book, a crash, beauty and fright, it arrived too late to condemn patriotism to illness or prevention. arrival lives through the poems but dreams finally in its periodicals. we are spiritual honey returned to a spectral nothingness. it has been said that the abstract leans heavily in favor of the further, that the written is ironic in that it brings nausea to the commonplace. people soon realized that the result was a given within its failure.

7.04.01

More to gain than death

more than death was perpetrated by the trampled name. having turned to witness the truth eventually in aesthetics, fame no longer chimed the hands of nationalists and bankers. a more serious scandal tickles the exhausted elephant. like a witch returned to pastures of the sun, the prosperity of the product stirs its cultured morphine. while it is true that culture is an opulent nostalgia, a virility of Rosicrucians and peacocks declining the patience of reason, the aestheticism of the other is written in

periodical cessation. the dissipation of the product is monopolized and French. the fashions of aestheticism flower in beds, in poets accused of a too rapid repute, in the rise of reproductions to bear the fox against Panama. after his novels, aestheticism declared 'enough'. wings, wrote the author, are an early hysteria. the Nazis are blamed for exploded fire and an accelerated study of triumph. however, weakness caricatures any thematic review of eccentricity. style is rarely a foreign decline of nationalist authority. the author begged on tobacco to invoke the common people. nearly all of the probable evolutions would have gone to decorate the implantation. cartoons retained among the public fluidities of inspiration emanating from communities introduced to criticism by the middle-class. homes fell into belated import. the memory of both became more to gain than death. the clip lasted as long as the epidemic, mental degeneration repeated by insanity before it spread to the virtues of explanation. war quickly highlighted the beginnings of fact in legend and tradition. a dream of mind, harsh as the interior of an artist, triumphed in short over gaiety and change. ridiculous, forgotten, and chosen, failure is the surprise of things. not for the products of style, nor for a taste of the actress do we find rotten in the genius an opera of flowers and withdrawn ivory sweeping away this newly melancholy disgrace. taste is praised as affectation translated to shells and ebbing need. if he likes the borrowed accordion, if the chimeras withdraw from themselves, misunderstood, thanks to the critics the geniuses are once more images in school, the simplicity of lack is accused of caricature and reference. contrast of the symbolic wood with the generative shore. it should be moving, followed, disappearing. to learn anything expression continues among waves as if illusions.

7.04.01

Value both poetic and limited

for these there exists a median too delicate and too modest to moderate an average portion of indeterminate connotation. the plural (i.e., the appreciator of the plural), applied to integrally multivalent texts, can grasp only a univocal instrument of the polysemous text. this reversible, defined in itself as that which has not been denoted, like any other privileged system of a primary center, is constituted by the relation of a limited declaration, each meaning declaring the semiotic void of an original meaning. the scale of truth is still in awe of the syntactical hierarchy of discourses organized around a secondary refuge. if a system of expressions establishes a typology of the simultaneous, there is no

objective reason for the language of the dictionary to banish its critical components. a return to philosophy arranges the hearths whose signifier is the content of the sign possessing a secondary hierarchy of raw syntax associated in the normative laws of linguistics with endeavors of the sentence. the meanings of criticism account for no texts if a typology of connotation is classified according to closure. a system devoted to the differential apparatus in which nameable connotations are limited to definitions of oneself cannot be rescued from the ulterior exceptions of another text. ideas, again, as subjects subject to meanings, are of course determined by the grammar of materiality as it proliferates through topological space. while the laws of meaning produce a denial of the text, value both poetic and limited is based on the modern polysemy of its double trace. we must not refer to the immanent language modified through successivity and layering, neither is the text according to this signified meaning altogether. to refuse the critical text is equal to a contestation of plurality as determination of power in no way confused with association topically written, an analytical and sequential agglomeration of meanings outside nebulae, the possible goals of the particular abolish the specific. the plural is limited to the kept as text. an anterior text, for which association is the subject, is determined by a series of meanings outside the signified. a dissemination of surfaces reconstituted into the text undergoes a force both static and a dialogue. the game of denotation requires our innocence once a system pretends to establish release through language. by telling us the truth of cunning meanings the text articulates a dynamic of historical possibility recoverable through a painstakingly corrupted illusion of author and reader. the purity of literature has the advantage of this illusion too close to reading. a sentence, simple and foreordained to the apparent semiotic of a woven text, means that meaning functionally is fictive deliberation. these systems operate structurally like the certainty of existence to bathe meaning ultimately in a natural myth of primitive language. afterwards, a collective intentionality is introduced in the subjugation of lexical ideology.

7.05.01

"The length of their frozen alphabet"

poetry, if a crack on fire in the clay of being, the dry primary sorrow of an infant fury (animals dream the stickman as a tender ignoramus), nothing in itself as cause can read the illuminated triangle, has the ability to open dreamed tongues kindled in the daily scrawl of a bloody language. what is the air if poetry becomes the murmurous professor speechless in the sun?

falsely in a tree the poet of diamonds sobs at the bank of your obvious heart. language is revealed when formed into the image as incandescence said. the function of now as a tree for the palpitating hail exemplifies in shouts, both speaking in suspension and the sun itself whose dead leaves glitter your bones and spells, the marrow who cried out in his release capable of slaughter too. here the seeds of the student and quicksilver illuminate an obvious parody. the scholar at the apex reading an ardent hunger shouts in knowledgeable beds his precocious reading, oh mystical branches reaching these chapters in silence, nothing is nevertheless devoid of promise. diamonds and therein the sun in flowers strung expertly in sources on the fly. a solar ignorance spurts your telluric professor, at the heart of the symbol a universe is shimmering, trees reduced to students decipher the madness of transcendence, the conscious river obsessed with bookish volcanoes. his own tree in hand, clues of a self are dead and to the point, he digs in the final heaven for fanatic roses, the world's body is a complexity buzzing wonders. for reasons of love and thorns he is his own nature at risk. the infinitely cosmic splendor is in fact unreadable. heaven's wild man contains the queen of wisdom. a river reflected in blood at best seized simultaneously bending to itself, speaking the poet directly to its flux, confidence in another poem is offered as prolonged listening. we are reflected kindling in ether, the poet yourself as smoke is only the mask within the flux. this irony fixed in a particular body provokes in orbit a configuration of brunettes. the murmuring fleece in a river of fire flees the atmospheric skeleton, the fossil in constant delirium spiked with words. slopes, then drops, flexible, perhaps august, I have observed in poems together with memory clocks which rely upon arcades to spring their ominous migrations. the kettle cycles a trajectory of tides nostalgic in collapse. who finds an articulate essence maps his aviaries. they promise the fountains to needles, pierced in their little games, and the three-dimensional compasses evoke their mirrors to tell us tumescent boxes. the workings of the moon reveal an interior enchantment, yet in one small word fragments of flux and light intuit an unexplained secret caused tightly by the moon. horribly digesting a random cosmos within the poem, another word becomes the justice of sacred windows, poems of the solar starfish exacted in a diary. what is the ideal length of wind if not elements of a sky sublimated by time through the infant moments of the machine? gates at the edge of an organic taxonomy, what explains a man repeatedly incessant at rest in the closed shell of a previous whole? murder signifies influence within surfaces simultaneously demystified and sacred. a visible trace of nutritious sand kept the time another explains to make up for a

glimpse of the cosmos bristling with memories and estrangement. the zodiac is still spelled as a chart of intrinsic nostalgia, its eclipse divulges the mayhem implied in a clenched trajectory. every object informs the given in its volatile dimension. the childhood of this poem was tremulous and infinite, the pain of a pebble who doesn't know death from words.

7.05.01

Place some fat on a shirt

a quest is a snake wound around a crack. this conversion protects the chemical processes of invisible matter hidden in intricate definitions. alchemists confront the outside with language in spite of material doubt. confronted with language, with objects in a void, the views of language itself are the best proofs of the terminology of the alchemists. a tree which writhes around the encoded breast of a symbolic woman, which conceals the reconstruction of corporeal procedures, separated thus from things outside and occult, matter slips in and attempts to articulate the structures of impossibility. in order for groundless symbols to undertake the clarity of concepts, the idea as fact results in absence as discovery, who would have believed the swords and genitals of milk, within these codes an arcanum reconstructs the hidden body. what is in and out, including language, has put stones into an immensity, everyone is full of the originality of his philosophy, but no one defined by power has eliminated the winged king thrust like a toad through the gates of opposing creations. to break the union the secret material manifests in oral matter. the living once more reduced to the corporeal becomes articulation through a prison. yet what is hidden towards escape within an alternate realm is a mirror of questions beyond or outside language. if no definite coinage understood as originality processes both spirit and imperfection, the world of the other is causal, usurpers of ambiguous symbols, alchemists learning the structure of spells study an unintelligible grammar. I propose paths predominately defined by symbolic culture, but whether or not the disease of reality should be added to the occult possibilities of words, I acknowledge language as a servant of mirrors attempting to document the ordinary. the structure of doubt, when its erudition is separated from language, once beyond systems of invisible grammar ancient beasts as with all of our needs construct a spiritual madness, empties the immense precision of the gates to trick the constant purpose towards escape. even work, if ironic and verbal or slippery and written, includes words unable to teach a unified ambiguity. to decode poetry interpreted an alchemical lust of language, I have found the magician's definitions of the common folk

unspeakable and prehistoric, the celestial animals correspond to transmuted passions. written designs are a volatile congregation. I who believed in the process of a written death have catalogued the monks who personify fire through analysis and pain. interpretation is worshiped obsessively as the problematic of solutions, the animals manifest in countless moralities, ordinarily the eyes are covered with verbal leaves. the fierce dead slay the birds, bodies shed their signifiers for us, at the beginning of the breast a return comes calling through the mists. an exaltation of salt, the other materializes as air in work refined through blood. when it comes to wings and eyes, leave them for dead, they are young and bloody by means of imperfect despair. the circular motion falls back to the flask, its transformation concealed in sacrifice, they fondle the little birds and eat the dead, you can find them where lamentation strikes the shape of imagined belief. place some fat on a shirt. bleed green toads. the breast is the father of the purified sun. the salamander's faith is holy. representation enables it to emerge intact. a woman whose blood is biting the purified coals splatters, mucous and postponed, through the straw. each moment signifies a quality neither here nor upwards. the fire of the hand is wet with its salty root. refer back to decay. the lion is handsome and voluntary. odor itself upon it, pure of its own ointment. devils sleep between the quintessence and the spice. no man of previous wings takes sweetness to lonely ash, but even so death breaks the patron logos. things are a divided assurance, like flying bread. distill the eagle from the wolf, either perfection is constant or the dog is resurrected. it has after all been unseen altogether. in this egg the violence is more pure and occurs as process. touch the origin so it cannot be eternal. I die as it were weightier than my own fruits, everything aside from speaking reflects the dragon. this is a live serpent, two eagles, and the hidden spirit: sacrifice the volatile gatekeeper. who encircles the will, encircles knowledge. the oroboros is constructed of eyes and the oroboros. the structure of the poem is a discernible grammar always evading ambiguity. outside the circle of language the inside is eternally present. a grammar of the outside, the poem rises, hidden in the imagination, words sliding towards totality and revelation.

7.05.01

Private views

chimeras in at least two affinities succeeded in coming from very conscious horror. sometimes, far above their dreams, they find the most important productions, expensive and paginated in improved destinies. while it was

more important to reproduce their works than to admire them towards their eggs, in making the end an artistic belonging cursed with the democracy of difference prepares the means of minds to live in stimulated forms. from the faithful history of music we have the letter framed in staircases, ancient colors enormously flight tracing their rapid species. hatched in an aristocracy, the secret dreams of diffusion. thus, the phenomenon of spheres reproduces the modern and the literary, gain known abroad as a national decline, whence the poets in their photographs gradually taking place. supreme artifacts harbor a France already taught. an academic poetry — it would be foundling and remembered — revealed to be blindly committed to an expressionistic envy of being — the idealists in fact gave shelter and praise to the advancement of superb lizards — contains foreign studies and profound incidents both public and superfluous — they likened it to an appreciation of the quintessence — the triumph of the beggar recalls his contemporaries, the latter regarded as mediocre and mistaken. great artists are vulgar in their synthesis. a private view welcomes the astonishing home. only the other hand from neighboring influence could ruin the public world sublimated by disagreement. it should be impressed upon uncommon simplicity that the errors of the critics are often without independence. next to the suits ,the new have found themselves invited to a crystal province. there were also us today, to a contemporary degree. was not the henceforth put very differently through the door? they put their palaces, although unity, at the centers of the cities. to forget the shock of the role, do not hesitate, inseparable, in the hospitality of academic triumph. the Rosicrucians, belatedly central, are now politically enthusiastic. varying in importance — that might surprise the modern public — equal in play to the general public, they are open and imitative — singular, they like to claim. these private views lack the important influence of capital.

7.09.01

A private welcome

already the public is incidental poetry, foundling, remembered, figured later to be blind expressions of commitment, among these ideal facts what superb praise to advance the role of style, there contained in countries profound and superfluous the world among seemly mediocrities mistaken as vulgar shelter works within a private welcome the astonishing sections of home, to appreciate this enormous likeness in the triumph of quintessence, to recall his contemporary simplicity it is not the error of the

work to make strange claims, it is the success of a causal independence made less interesting than important, the new itself invited to crystallize in the public. there were also degrees of contemporaneity today; henceforth they put their doors in the décor of very different palaces. although artistic unity is the center of the big cities, if we were important and inseparable in the belated hospitality of academic enthusiasm, the shock of hesitation even though forgotten figures centrally in the setting of organized capital, no surprise that modernity is equal to the opening of private roles and the influence of lack on play. on the other hand, empire in the group world is the story too predominant and considerable to need an artistic fringe. it is open in here; the means of founding are distinguished by devoted belonging. one man, in short, one country, he published the names of the study, rich or itself, in support were few restrained by flowing and able hair, who pants a geographical other to recognize in being our monsters, were propagated years earlier by critics linked to connoisseurs of time. one's tastes long among the ideals to another and several as a reader. too learned, and more, too artistic in number, but retained and toyed with experiment for profit, the latter today despite increasingly original. contained texts more luxurious by reproductions of course new ideas contributed to their works one eclectic person spreads precisely appearances of another, however undeniable a predilection for few in review, aspects at translating were symphonic and elegant. the most were only a few of the most, in which he was also a charming character, in ideas from what he did thus for whom it was the first time, fine for a devoted old master to contain some admittedly sinuous admiration, the blanched typography of decision into its visual form, into them the authors assay rare papers. very baldly mediocre from one of its verve, artists allegedly for his own surface, centuries fewer than enduring appearances, the best but soon issued as reproductions, they made wallpaper and enormous scandals of his reminiscent style. on the other hand, every now and then the Rosicrucians indeed in the midst of profundity helped bring out the darkest attics of the truly susceptible and bizarre. periodically became adopted and famous but not ineffable, subjects more conversant with happening than with building themselves, thus the curious are as numerous as the public range of tendencies. on the left, combinations of one of the ideas, they come, sleeping, to happiness, sober and eccentric, the home which remains is affluent as the work. the decadence began its work in ideas all its own. undoubtedly the following praised as a new rectilinear ground, known to us as decorative. competition in contrast illegal, at the same time binding, parliamentary. design followed practicality to make this sort of thing.

7.13.01

The angular nubility of eternal impossibility

yellow steel. the brittle cattle signed the yellow portals, spiral as were his colleagues. introduction to the successor also a line of scandals. when years earlier the worthy we can find in exception to a man, but a most splendid and neanderthal link, decorative letters and creations framed in culture, families are a more modest style of reproduction and offering. inspiration seems an insipid vine, volumes of its contents, from the themes of the luxurious books to the petty sexuality of the ghosts. the most literary originality is responsible for inclusion, imitation also contributes, and writers, everything else is bound and frequent while played by a single launch. note the stories, ephemeral as a bird, novel in fact, and florid. a taste of art formed the roses in works such as America. but then the design of the theater is consequent and chimerical. cloths adorned with conservative doors judge the names of the bridge. only a very small wait in the same way in spite of flight. for the first time as fabulous as anything the young brain remains bourgeois, to propagate as their model such of its time exemplified in the angel. imagination, reading the very limited simplicity, did not for those based on a garden program theatrical bravery. however, tempted towards and foremost, her remarkable nine ideals lived in the wonderful statue, obsessed with being me between unfortunate and unpretentious, a few of the dreamers of course at the height of their symbolic roles. for many years a production found among young achievements, I thought I was miming the moment of desire, and I could not attend without ceremony the theater of chimeras. from imperfect wishes the poets carry their incompatible beauty. less madly latter the other day than infinitely singing failure, I desire for you a private stage, in France, for your musical benefit and flight. we can adopt the loop for only a few seasons of folly. aesthetics, the eternal milk, contains wings, their unchanging feathers in another art stood controlling the plumage of their expressions, so great were these words recognized that the spaces were changed, discrediting the intellectual enterprises as pathetic and forgetful. the actress recites her sharp electric eyes, tempts us with an animal of thought. the condor turns towards pure philosophy, writes the incomprehensibly precious abstraction of his facts. to adapt to a superior misjudgment, remarkably less than creation and mystery, a ceramic research into the midst of the princess dances whole butterflies of virgin geometry. finally, the angular nubility of eternal impossibility shelters the irony of our personal stipulations. the poets are openly an expression of

transcendental quivering, emotivity before the fashionable witness of a gilded book, once they failed to bronze the attraction they actually wrote a great many mistakes, marble or bloodless and perpetual chandeliers and pale green sirens entwined with eventual frames, perhaps it was better to read beauty than the concept, novelty was a bust. I wax lips he expressed when becoming an object, refined and ornamental within a wintry daffodil, he began this particular catalogue carved in contours and edges, by 1893 it will be remembered within the aphorism: beauty is prepared in the extreme interior to lead critics to their jewelry. was his black judgement less blue for the certainty of its frames? a sunny independence sparkles with lengths and continuations. we are becoming parallel within the dictum of our stalactites.

7.13.01

A style peculiar to time

the self links who decorative unity it may very the other ism there. there came moments and seem with relegated critics had produced the latter body, human in the most between frivolous traitors. poems described the theories rightly both literary and academic, the arts after style so usefully near to similarities, ruined by aesthetes who wanted artificial works. unless one begins in the allusive history of poetry, one knows a few imposed scenes, a few recommended intertwinings. there is in this book a style peculiar to time, even closer are the terms applicable to different countries. a continuation of declines, the art of the strange experience, of ballet time, a long time despised and curiously analogous, between the elongated artists and the aged resemblances reminiscence of the knights and fireplaces. this time, as were the allies, the one in a foreign art and the other vestigial masquerades, adapted such as the links intellectual in common. certain poetic books delight in national colors, indulgent between gardens and representative statues, both periods of itself should be more easily a massacre. torrents of surrealists inspired by desire and childhood, by almanacs and latecomers in disquieting clothes, angelic links through judgement happened within them. a pronounced, decorative other made of innocence and shock fascinated while the melancholy follows its fauns. a more psychological chimera can be seen incidentally in imaginary travesties and aesthetic monsters. much never heard has always remained continued. into the possible century was the ism of a fact, those already mentioned on one condition and in clutching, in Italy style became the populated eve of figurative life. however, most of the time in films in spherical and evocative. wider because fulfilling, prostitutes know the

disquieting call between their claws, the enjoyment of monuments predominates in dreams of the naive park. the cinema owes much to the fetishes and dreams of fifty years ago, generally longings strike us as everyone to satisfy, except for the tubercular spectre of the twisted architect. thanks to the vogue different stages are still stainless and drone, our own allegories direct the atmospheres which might have been. born utterly sips and continued to the public, the first respects found time in the screen of theme, dramas were the adventures perpetuated across these images, realism thus thoughts respectfully too numerous. the influence of society against time, dead in the same vein as nearly all hackneyed imagination, exploits while making images therefore incapable of him. given the settings, which may have been deliberate, landscapes revived beneath the Sphinx, while costumes worthy of erotic animation are as beautiful as the film is younger. the cinema had dreamt of a continuous poetic revolution, the similarities to symbolism confused after a time, philosophy, too, had the power to think of love in certain faces. ghost castles and less attractive vulgarities, long before they were rediscovered, never had the perfectly evocative crowds reminiscent of melodic novels. by photographing a succession of vamps, a new Atlantis would model the mechanized world. the years before are addressed in fact to an elite, many circumstances of rebellious dreams, for example. anarchy and strange women, among the well known versions, turn realism into a dream of eternal opium, fixation as if they were the moments themselves, shocking or else exploitation of the real. what is more, different things in the long run equivocate different dreams. an equivalent would be the black libido of the given. a common example, rubbing shoulders with members tuned and giving, though in a desperate application one describes the intellect as an enduring madness rending aggressive completion, the body differs preciously in matters of analysis and inspiration. by aesthetic vagueness one produces in the middle of the knot both gravy and the vulture with sable clichés. the child is a common stock of suburbs. within the avant-garde a fatal photography longs for magnificent failures written in the bourgeois pretensions beneath them. there is more to aspiration than the adoption of grey lilies. peacocks enable the schools to think of taking over. surrounded by praise and suicide, many convert to a visionary half-life in the crucible of the mind. a systematic expression of languid hatred, of a great penchant for positive irony in the celestial peacock, particularly and above all a large number of remarkable samenesses. no lack of declaration discovers audacity in the face of reality on this book. gimmicks by links to more than dead, back into his elders in concrete writing, we find no precise country too vague to shroud antiquity, this last should not be

amusingly admitted among the persistence of either good or bad. have you ever thought of money as a fortuitous world brought into the public by the revelations of an overlooked ideal? none of us become the discussion of our thoughts. some who form the known have read the covers alive. fashion herself has his colleagues in birds and philosophical whores. the respective differences are as great as the former resemblances. because they have been still and romantically well-known, they are still very much always wild in the eccentric dominations of the Sphinx. in the same service Surrealism is still suddenly and sole. abstract schools have echoed symbols within ourselves, repeatedly the serene existence of believing — and it was contemporary a few years ago — perhaps becoming an artificial glimpse surrounded by psychedelic phenomena they are no longer external moments but are shunned words showing the dizzy homage of our insolence. shortly before the declaration of exultation, and once again in the strenuous preface, it is already time for collage to find its way among the scrolls and cut drugs signs and connections of spirituality also in the reign of aloof attractors. the abyss is the height of the symbolist gulf. we aspire to the dead magus, the oak and the fruit, the dish in progress is once again the catalogue of our attempt. having found their whorls and images, their Oriental hair, their boring wisdom of written justice could indeed open an unconscious world. we have thus a writing within the consolations of extent. the inner feelings of the critic, while offensively nostalgic, from dreamlands out of books to the marvellous processes of their faces, contain the erotic communities of their studied fictions. poetry today, rather than the child of fiction, is the eternally bizarre and luminous future of gross angels and naive ghosts. similarities projected upon life delight the aesthetic formulas. there is even an illiterate religion which leads to a new electric reality. the continuation of mythological readers as in significance and revival is worthy of a borrowed particularity and the fashionable harem of death. satirical shapes and sequences reproduce the perversions of their own telling. artists adopt the gentler witchcraft, the poetic screen or mental rejection advocated in the milieu of reflected magic. we have the habit of our myths, as poetic as yesterday at home, hallucinatory poets without understanding chaste in an infantile grid, some of the decadence is growing a sparse and everyday consciousness.

7.14.01

“In quotes”

at the end of nothing history has become fashionable, the death of the civilized world not to live in the end of history but in self-reflexivity

liberated from narrative. the eschatological does not represent an inevitable millennium, but therapy and a museum for the personally strange. art has little to do with modern origins, even further hunting as a project is amateur and romantic. while museums stylistically parallel the insignificant advertisements of political concepts, crafts consisting of rebus-like slogans, yet the nineteenth century dreamed of laughing. the hybrid lifestyle and house of literature projects the anti-modern and secular primitive onto any gathering belatedly in ruins. a way of invasion more restricted than grey, the work of culture recorded and exploded "in quotes", ordinarily symbolic trash would domesticate these artists, but art played at making metaphysical concepts as a form of resistance to existence. poetry survives post-modernism as an undecipherable instinct the beauties of wilderness utopias associated with groups of time. the trivial anywhere else is sheer and avant-garde, collections of emblematic words quite different from the role of culture in religion. the novel continues as a fragmentary poetry, its interpretation outmoded and baroque, fleeing modernity the unofficial thaw carves a drab taboo from useless collaborations. philosophy as everything discovers the twentieth century engaged in communal performances which hark back to the appearance of homemaking. fear of the little men creates a kind of institution. banal potential on a human scale creates artistic language. what was once conceptual has become a sign of reading.

7.14.01

Making signs along the roadside

when I was myself, everything I was doing was the future. the attention got to me. full of artists and thought, of the avant-garde horror, I hesitated for my dreams, again, into the world or to indicate work, meaning I was in my own wars, somehow changed. books and eyes shook in the painful goodness. I did no faith, and a bit of nothing, keeping out. like one of shabby and mystical embarrassment, we had cleared a place for meanings, for idealistic time and misery. I believed in the unbelievable until it happened. children of vietnam, I found others outgrowths of our civilized hopes, we felt too big for appearances and the present. but where we are connected, the connected is with the world. I would change suffering into goodness and this would read the bayonets. I believed in being, but I was a thousand beginnings. there were poets walking, nothing worth cleaning our egos in this desperation, and our beards were drugs. the sense that the search would settle in birth, that bits of the spirit were traveling other places, marked between journeys by macrobiotic

conquerors, for all we know our parents are mystical and little, through mediation meditation our egos complete a personal purity. it is still growth and violence that we recognize as a country, my generation of the sign, collecting loves and eternal mothers, to offer existence a professional technique or pretension. it would be dramatic to find our happenings in our control, the world constant between psychedelics and America, but the broken wisdom of the planet is gathering our commercial directions, let us mistrust our place painfully to pieces. the transitional Christians have their own unreal Vietnam. today, pieces of wisdom abandon ourselves to rules. we are almost tired and mystical, the success of the net grows used to the beauty of work, the lives of our arts, our selves, our souls are little home movies, his changes are making our needs deeper than himself. we want to bring the few to our own pulse, their light open, slight, and weary. the power of the incoming sign drags the will through beauty, comfort, happiness to protest proportional things by wandering underground. you hope, you say, no, man's soul has disappeared into the meanings of his loves. alone, we want the unambitious imagery of our heartbeat. to move like one who is musical and waiting, to break out in suns neither money nor the world, we keep making ourselves and talking about this will, we want a home outside the private extensions of our fingertips. in this earth we move being mirrors, the last few nothings pulled deep in voices, almost unknown and a renaissance through communication. let us work for the I suddenly I, coming together to see the senses. belief we could continue as the dirty job of the known. the whole pain of Christian desire, as I see it, wants to change our luminous souls to whispered, ethereal expression. a spiritual reading after the war, I am listening, emerging, during trust, building cities and faces and heavenly egos, all that wind like monks, like intuition, open to time to sing the broken art, I begin to bridge the notes, until they surround me in the arts of dailiness. we are the last within us. more are coming, with different promotions, with strings of personalities, humble and distant heavens upon us, there is the first eternity of feeling ourselves, new and a beautiful note. for a long disillusionment I have gained this horror. all along the word should mean making signs along the roadside.

7.16.01

Blips and revolutions

since art is naturally an environment, the four sides of artistic renewal, namely, animal, category, area, and recently, have turned from interior abstraction to pure force which thinks as feeling. from the self to the

object, artists function as horizontal eyes differently within the clash of others and the outside. in recent theoretical differences, the same technique applied to corners of hostile ugliness evoke one piece of the ship, where one piece is a graveyard corpse arsenic identified by its wrappers. inspired fire looks as if we have an impresario including the artist inasmuch as difference is four minutes long. fundamentally permeating assemblages in recent years, bad their bad taste consciously retained and scorched, enough of the bride under a glass for sore spots and bouquets. nearby, former lamps become catalytic performances, and the classics by way of the moment disrupt melodramatic curtained offensiveness fin-de-siecle preserved in wedding cakes. it's called flowers photos pleasures desecrate nylons, a curious air and a sort of Dadaist story. the cosmic expressions are extraordinarily in love. a few teeth feel like paralysis of the comic process. flimsy materials construct retroactive exits. lazily, some of the malignant flames demand prompt rubber. for loudly ship and the like, the shorter jig-saw, the nude bursts into numbers and X-rays. it is the control of Surrealism by its objects, coping with the afterlife of assemblage. shadows exactly fact follow parachutes prefaced by Eve. they send a tangent of associations hurtling through reality. while fingers form animated measles, a sinister mind effects its precarious clarity. a shady piece of pinwheel sequence, also split-level and a real relationship, spirals through serialized females to expand in flashes. far removed from "reality", blips and revolutions.

7.16.01

There is, of course, no development

the only oral penises of women are clad in scratchy poses. as it happens, the text screams its flaming title, a pornography of police fights for artistic indifference. the creatures evince an artistic coterie. breasts simply talk for the record. in flamboyant voluptuous violins, some not rape and others full of pathos, alternately sentimental and squeamish, the poets have not yet regretted the bullfight and the chorale. the limp masturbations they frolic, the vampire rock 'n' roll and the lipstick shrieks, some of course intention and others nakedness, an omission too ingenuous to be either witty or lustful. it is not hard to disappoint the prurient intellectual loyal to his cult. everyone should be such tenacity and truculence. budgets of imagery mark the newer style, work rarely spontaneous in the truth of its clichés, for even the avant-garde performs its aleatory sources as if permanence illustrates the alienation of heroism. it is absurd for the traditional departure to grasp the poetic anger, as if sound is the studied immediacy

of primitiveness and romanticism. anywhere else, the immediacy of expression would sculpt materials to a snobbery of coherence. it is singlehandedly possible to admit the shrill argument that unnecessary traditions (fireworks, films, synchronicity) inspire the crude elements of the contemporary world, mind vs. America transformed to a musical technique for composing convictions. indeed, convictions are even shorter than the images of doubt. but, not frustrated for a moment by the calculations of his images, sensitivity itself is no longer about the self, ideas are the standard disclaimers for innocence, joy, and beauty. there is, of course, no development. overexposed doubt, framed in the figure, quivers in the orgy. as it is, an ineffective bareness of planning often takes on a crowded commentary which is the very opposite of being French. the lavish seriousness of modern consciousness, which situates itself in the rare decadence it thinks, is precisely no story of no sequence no longer than its margins. the practical underground is charged with beauty and weakness. an ascetic indifference revolts against the critique of liberty. if what one is is the image of literary interpretation in one's work, one is the theatrical dead end of an ordinary negation. a lovely ingenuousness, though subjective, positions itself in the necessary conformity of civilization, the contradictions of sex are introduced into the scrawny body of poetry, and one can read the creatures of poetry as a perverse magic of sexuality. our bodies are currently imperative and extreme, no matter, it is the task of art to dismiss the obtuse cult of textual attitude. the spoof of impulse is experienced as erotic subjectivity. love and curiosity, although the truth, are shamelessly complex. the breast in pain is a vocabulary played by men in rags. exotic traditions confuse polymorphous ambiguities with the constructed penis. a strange nude music artificially in the background, like a camp of text or a huge, male coffin, tempts the densely triumphant vision into print. the primary flesh of nature, its aesthetic androgyne, sings a shaken ideal interchangeable with intertextuality. its clothes are drawn from a transitive gauntlet. it reclines, exposing one flower to a languid culture.

7.16.01

What did I learn from the counter-culture?

pattern by material lyrical and barbaric, inherent between the modern presents, marks the borderline within pervasive expansion. one of the sensitive worlds, coarse and poetic, an aberration of whole horrors in the aural civilization, texture and tension dwell in the concentrated conflicts of experiential transition. simply exploring the vibrations of grassy cables,

reflecting the city at peace, squalid experiences are without emotional situations, existence like chess is passive and pantheistic. the slope of quality around the neck, broken corners appear as reality herself, conventional feelings and responses would dramatize the motivation of objects, but the world absorbs its rocks, and danger is a shepherd. streams charred brief and slowly approach the path, with overt increase he inhabits the built story, through excuses to elicit the mountain and the cross, diffused windows disappear inside her alternate submissions. attention inhabits the subject and its conflict in music diffusely short between soundtracks. texture where feeling swings, the window returns. throughout street clothes no longer night with no expression she walks enforced to texture and stairways. suddenly legs crumbling his towels in sequence passively dance our body. sensuality of metaphysical flowers, large patterns in a passageway, laughter parallel to the room and closer to the point. beyond vision within the girl an asylum of factual images, statements in the voice of nature locate our continuity in the fragmentation of this approach. what did I learn from the counter-culture? that one can alter the surfaces of one's culture in radically insignificant ways. that one can alter the proportions of the several forces which propel the construction of subjectivity. in regions spontaneously her own mind, talking to the piano in simple tensions of meaning, the presentation of the character is shown as memory in several guises. she pulls the man through other unreal people, their perceptions a quality of themselves, physical limits near or destroying our awareness of the beach. throughout the aberration soldiers interspersed with braille the flavor of brutality. works realize their themes in part through aural individuals. the sea no longer fishing draws us to our bodies, the punctuated climax of flowers invading at the waist. wheels of mentation and incisiveness, divided by wind, a lyrical shore undefined under the red knife, bridges swarm, shrouded in blood, a young girl screaming the links of mountains represents the harmony of railroad cars. in concept the waves are characterized as a return to the sky in guts. the calm denouement, the nude rocks and soprano invasions, experimental civilization in fact streets and houses, the modern world cut into softer chants of the body. has some and lacks some, the material states, drives off again, incisive. the dialogue uses multiple factories, destructive buildings, a mechanical laboratory, to expose the long world of TV to its own scenes. pavement below technique includes natural sounds and negative associations. death, despite the chimneys, carefully recombined with outrageous melancholy, loudly into a tunnel arrives, removed from Vietnam and 45 minutes long. a black wind in a red catastrophe, meant for ourselves but socially bright in

context, forms the basis of superimposed continuities: one's terror is the medium of one's point of view. life on a table, his last, in silhouette we see a flag in intervals, writhing, the sequence specific to the girl is fast and helmets. ghostly complications stretch the modern around our cohesiveness, this is as long as anyone is available and disconcerting. there is a man riding his jazz into the daily life of pain. negative hair mutates to useful consciousness. singing a still life consists of a window with inherent sun. inaudible shadows across a fence heard singing a small totality.

7.17.01

The stranger that I am

your letter I want always standing too far from a work and expressible. after these styles, you pass away, only to thank your verses from me. I come down to things as events in which no word endures existence. prefatory and kind into intention, I cannot with nothing happily moisten the comprehensible. while our individuals are clearly hidden in a melody of things, there does not yet depend this failure upon being. you ask me to find your self, nobody, something in the poem wants the solitary self, and perhaps even the letter makes clear a specific reading, but whether you compare disturbed silence begging outward to a search for the spreading heart, or reason this single soul through the kinship of a leopard, the poems are nothing without their certain shortcomings. you should write the acknowledged roots as if the self, the still self should be a question even then, human at first and in love from sorrows no poet creates the ageless blame of memory. affirmative for a night, if strong and indifferent, the sign draws near and loses its mature form the everyday quantity of desires is a humble beauty. the sincerity of things in dreams calls forth a written poverty. if you slight the simple urges of necessity, what do you write? power? the themes of lies? poems are too facile and excellent to seek what offers you. thoughts, as the use and environment of objects, delve into testimony like experience to avoid traditions. it takes a description, an expression, of yourself to save your self from the riches of daily, commonplace sincerity. walls come to your attention and grow others. stations become a world in excess. you try a fragment of will for no other good than its depths. your destiny is inquiring of your senses: that childhood to raise the ample solitude? your past dwelling in this absorption? memories come whether imagined or a voice. origins lie in some prison of the world, submerged in the noise of personality. if it occurs to you to possess your poems, I know no test of the source

whether sounds or burdens. a world, but perhaps becoming, into your inward vanity to feel only seriously, without an outside from nature to whom himself after and inner a poet. one could attempt your life ,what shall I say of its emphasis? I cannot disturb the hushed pleasure that endures this recompense. you have to give up your self in writing, as I have said, but even a case of everything after all grows quietly gratuitous. these verses returning a little to the given I have entrusted sincerely to the stranger that I am.

7.18.01

An open variation

he was wearing an open variation of shirts neatly blue. we went raining and uncovered entirely to fetch our thoughts, to stop, why I cannot almond about me, many years a beautiful philosopher. at noon in the grey neck and small of shock, he wore his brows over a cloth in unassuming flicks. he washed the initiative obviously and attended through Sanskrit to dark, unobtrusive ties. there was never a color immaculately piercing or wet. and if his head was never invariably his notes, socially or indeed a little doubt, the written rendered without any cheap, invariable pianist, he expressed for music never my portable choral comments. I played attention as easily as thinking suddenly, any reason would mean occasions for meals, and if I served some comment immediately remarkable in this dislike, the spectacle rather than music where I was born in several times, I once excited to think his seizures understood. we were very used to the public bother written in felt on a circus. once, I kept a few rapt and jumped in a bulge. I told him a cloven viola. he remained tongue and questioning, myself feared and hoped about him, fled burned and satiated with bereft doubt. I was an unusual humility to reveal particularity hauntingly his breath, savoring at the same time words beyond the nerves, my naive fingers buried in reverse about his lectures. this would appear given, closed and strange within the written pupils; I accepted that comprehension at dawn about myself, and enjoyed his own unwilling ignorance. but his fear wrote photographs designed to make me the union of a table and this decision. I often climb gaffes in which I am the musical form of undergraduates insofar as I intend the answer troubled by theological friendship. various forms of inferior modernism developed waitresses in his words. he never dressed-up in the transferred wisdom of an ordained reading. accept space to resolve at the same time personalities and remembrance and a philosophy of acquaintances might persuade through impressions your surprise. pain and deity I hoped would

part the difficulties, but I thought for my intention an active church of seeking, when I should have read the beyond as a murder of this. I read the essence of books other than this problem, and I gave at least two of them a form of hostile philosophy, but I already remembered the immediate as a profit of biography, so the fairy-tales of my culture produced a society and a theater. he thought nothing spoken came from use, and those he knew discovered what happened as their significance, while I gathered from his epoch a summary of particularity and spoke the heart of hollow words like an unhappy mathematician. I was sleeping in the solicitous volcano of the self, but it was different, from which I never collected the perfect cultural diaphragm of nothing. I had arranged to be responsible and humble in depression, to coordinate the social sirens with token industry, and my wife had worked in the intellectual category of the ordinariness of beings, but something in the kindness of his academic deference left us almost childlike in addition to his teaching. I told him the fathomed mortals were broken as a balm. a torment of influence to a mind, it was impossible to appeal to the commerce of his givens. I found that something had already decided without my thinking it might not fit. my moral affectations and I have felt purpose only recently. in order to faint before the certainty of his questions, I have had less ability in his own words than the symbolism of their ethics. of high tolerance and censorious hypocrisy, of seriousness and essence, of mystical profundity, one cannot speak.

7.18.01

Entangled in the fashionable certainty of competition

the apparent interrelationships of utility and money, while implicitly genuine, represent their own senseless exploitation, senseless and unconscious, no longer linguistic or a metaphysical absurdity. the fact that practice and speculation have conquered the revolutionary assumptions of writers, the economic content of their systematic idealization oppositional and specific, which are but an arbitrary value disguised as expression in masquerade. the real transforms the single into a societal abstraction, power at first civil as a theory of science a reciprocal utility here presupposed. I profit from the utility of the product only as an illusion of social assertion. the historically objective individual develops consciousness in advance of gain from nothing by social accountability. the material of he real is represented as a philosophical bond. when I am conditioned to the harm of another alien enlightenment, exploitation subsumed directly in intercourse and glance, I within this category therefore rise liberated from

the possible and the free. consciousness is the enunciation of a bold achievement. if the political in particular is limited by its system, content still struggling in universal seizure, a religious feudalism forms the theory of the writers, are correlated with paraphrased content to an expression of relative reduction. these writers, in commerce of spirit and freedom, already a facade for correspondences and time, in particular were established as an economic theory of the consequent whole. the world, generally unique among writers, entangled in ships and reintroduced to neglected assertions, at the same time contemporary works are economically simple and in essence philosophical. the content of the undeveloped future, by structure and theory a terror during union, time is still retained among the eliminated facts. this appears from the dominant struggle as a theory of neglect. the revolution is written by individuals or by encyclopedic subsumption as such. as for the apotheosis of class, after the already exploited advances of economic content, individual remainders concerned to signify culture, by a special political reduction other recognitions are accorded economic existence. the whole sentimental exhaustion of reductive society lies in its accomplished incorporation of periodic utility. a branch of absorbed relations, relations as such, signified as relations, are limited to the paraphrased demands of no further answer. meanwhile, a political will is produced by individuals with no other regard than criticism of the previous analysis. the conditions are thus theorized within divisions of social facts, in pious changes advantageous character exits, but the world of moral limits connects as a result with specific economic utility and the demonstrative signifier. an apology exists between exploitation and theory entangled in the fashionable certainty of competition.

7.19.01

Not so much written as carved

modern art has little to do with origins hunting even projected amateurs in the Romantic subculture parallel stylistically to advertisement and insignificant political crafts rebus-like concepts consisting of slogans and nineteenth century laughter the hybrid lifestyle in the house of literature teases the postmodern both primitive and secular gathering belatedly invasive restrictions they work in the grey zones of culture to be recorded or quoted both ordinary symbols and idiomatic trash played emblems on the projects of metaphysical concepts a form of survival writing interpretive and outmoded as indecipherable as beauty it explores the ruins of association one at a time in a stolen trivia the sheer uselessness of the

avant-garde found in collective images and collaborative objects a novel religion continued as in fragments on the one hand in the way and on the other in a way instinctual the ordinary modernity of utopia while unofficial and a thaw is not so much written as carved from the ritual taboo of realism a guide to everything traditional and communal in a domestic reading of the world not that its performance made it appear fearful and drab in a small aspirational school where publications of this kind are only potentially banal and the human scale of unoriginal work is seen as literary and significant

7.19.01

A unique community

context is a community of excommunication. their sense of now paradoxically survives. how can one give this drama a totality of feeling out of chaos to the perception of a ready-made thus context and in a kitchen? conventional sense shares this criminal ceremony of dramatization. discoveries are preferred to the cult of everyday life. identity must carry its objects and documents from civilization through art to a home. a particular totality is not a residence for the overabundance of insistent refuge. in the absence of drab meanings the brotherhood of information experiences the warmth of time as a little trash. for a few years dialogues of collective danger have excluded a common nostalgia. work is an endangered embrace. memory if not unified from excess is individually unreadable. it was a unique community, multi-voiced and private, its written frequencies eccentric, fragmentary, but manifestations of derivative practice reproduced in ordinary nostalgia disintegrate into the connections in which the differences originated, and the atmosphere alone in the context of exile made sense of a narrative stranger than dispersed authorship.

7.19.01

the poem is a new subjectivity

of course it is one habit-ridden mainstream advertisement for the self-improvement of the avant-garde. simply with the New Age in addition to a prime example of persistence, royalty is a kind of historical replacement for purification, when innovative poetry investigates a topic many areas, like narrative, or in the case of culture the more blatantly programmatic poetics of obviousness, are contaminated by the priestly patronage of a circumstantial metaphysics. the dailiness of language, as operational and

particular, in poetry a contaminated lyricism is learned via commodification and under the rubric of an inner world, a troubling European poetry, history in particular is avoided as a critique of conversation. the poem is a new subjectivity. fifty spirits principally poetry and especially writing or songs which reside in the saints precisely spiritual and mostly nonconformist, what I am activating is something like the natural ground of government.

7.26.01